



RUCKA

FERNÁNDEZ

MIWA

WYNNE

OTHERS

THE OLD GUARD™

TALES THROUGH TIME

BOOK ONE

THE OLD GUARD™

TALES THROUGH TIME

These are fairy tales of blood and bullets.

They are stories about a group of men and women who cannot die. Mostly.

The oldest of them is 6,732 years old. She thinks. The youngest is 27.

Combined, they have over 10,000 years of stories to tell.

Here are some.



THE OLD GUARD™

TALES THROUGH TIME

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COLLECTION COVER ART BY
LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ AND DANIELA MIWA

CHAPTER BREAK ART BY LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ

COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA
("BONSAI SHOKUNIN," "LOVE LETTERS") BY REBECCA GOOD;
("PASSCHENDAELE") BY TAKI SOMA; ("MANY HAPPY RETURNS") BY ANNETTE KWOK

LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

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GREG RUCKA AND LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ

I

“MY MOTHER’S AXE”



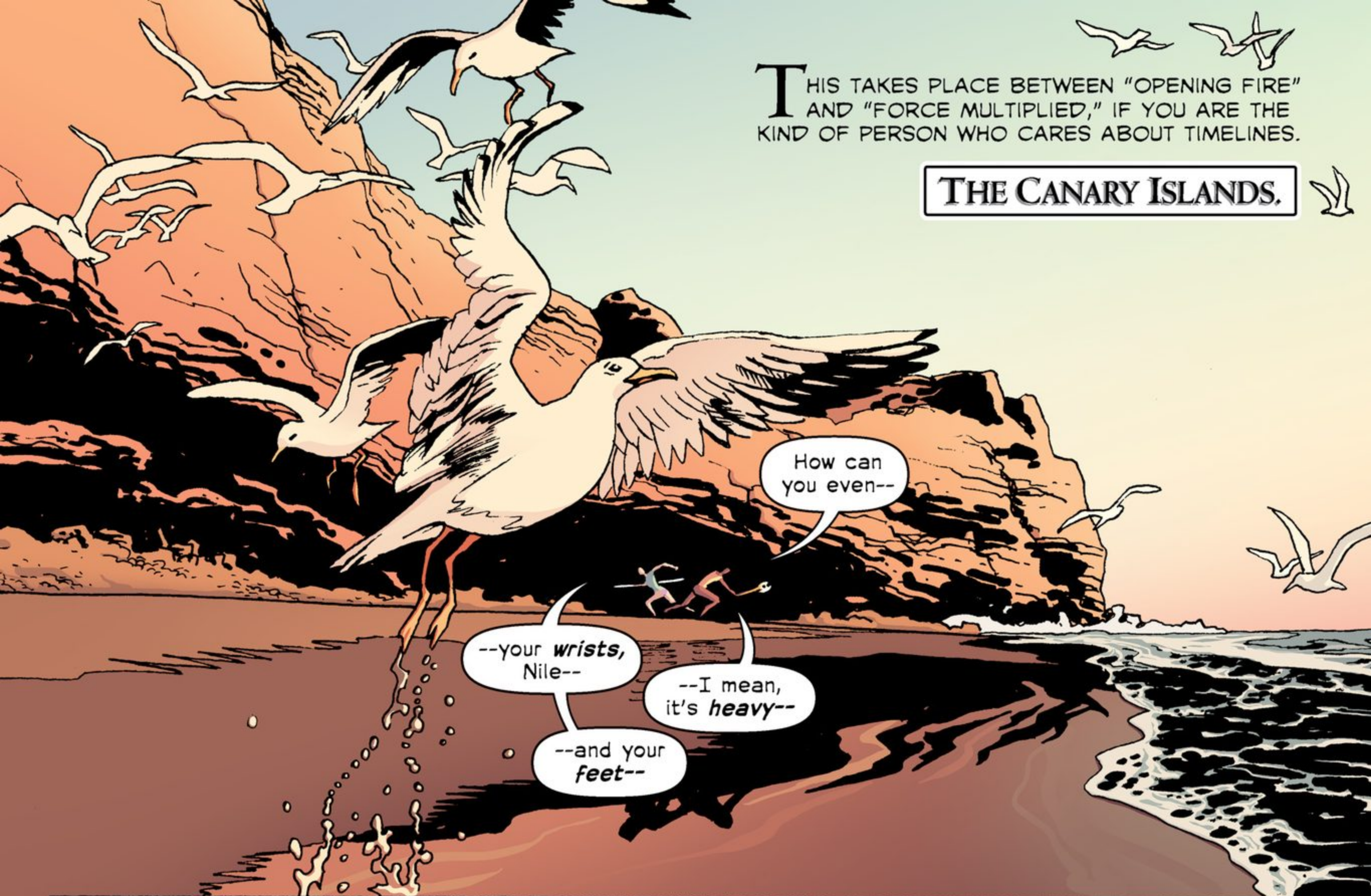
WRITTEN BY GREG RUCKA

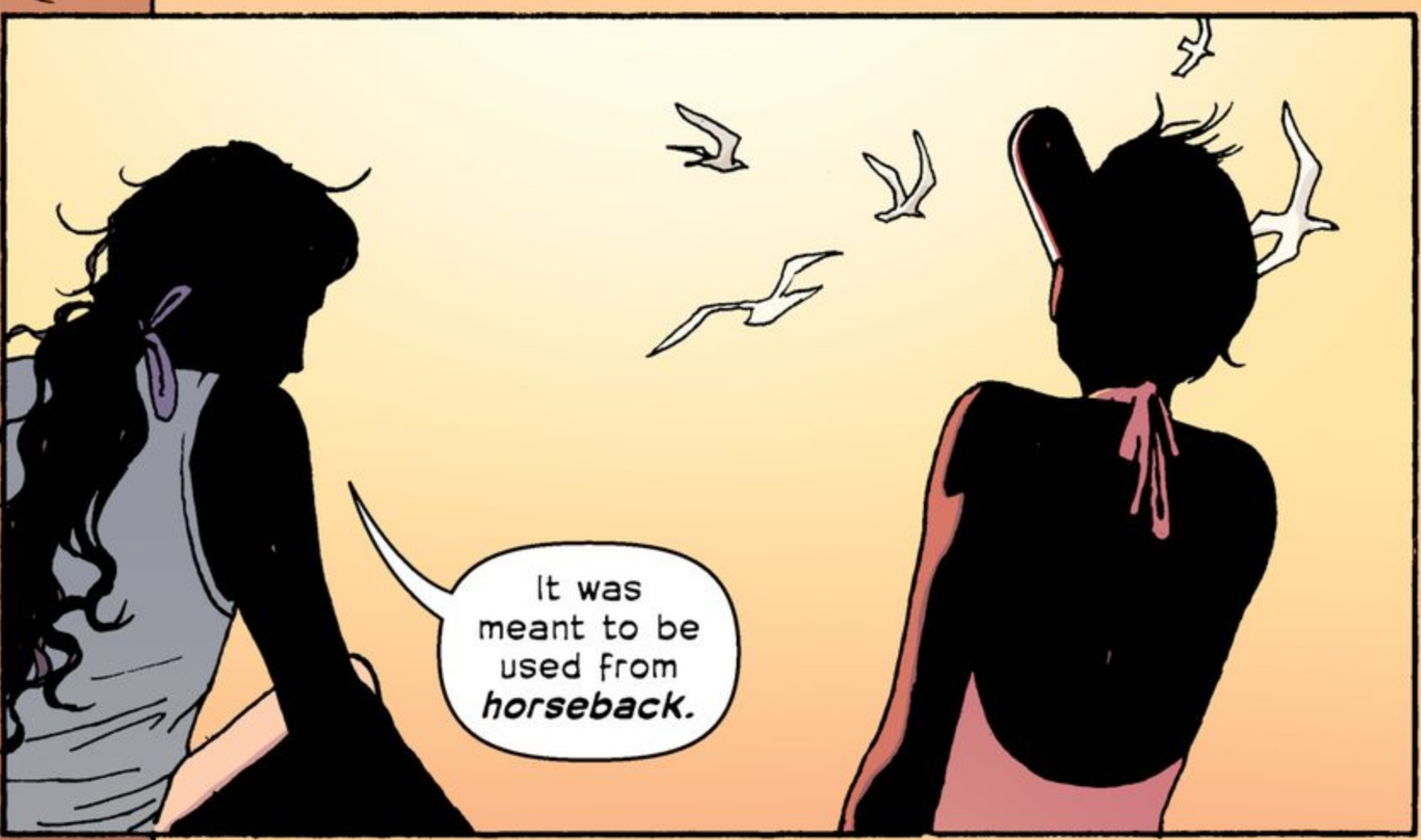
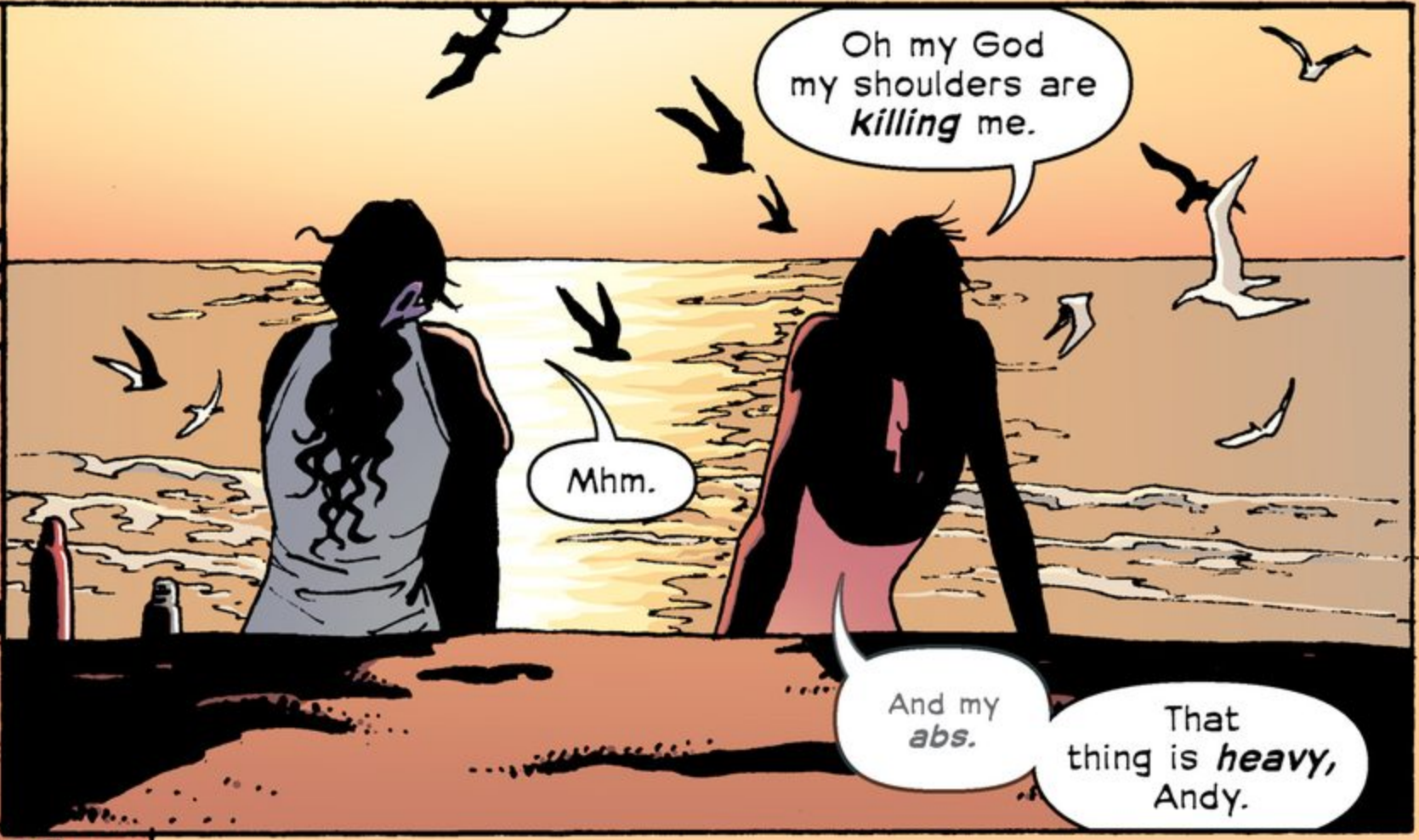
ART BY LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ

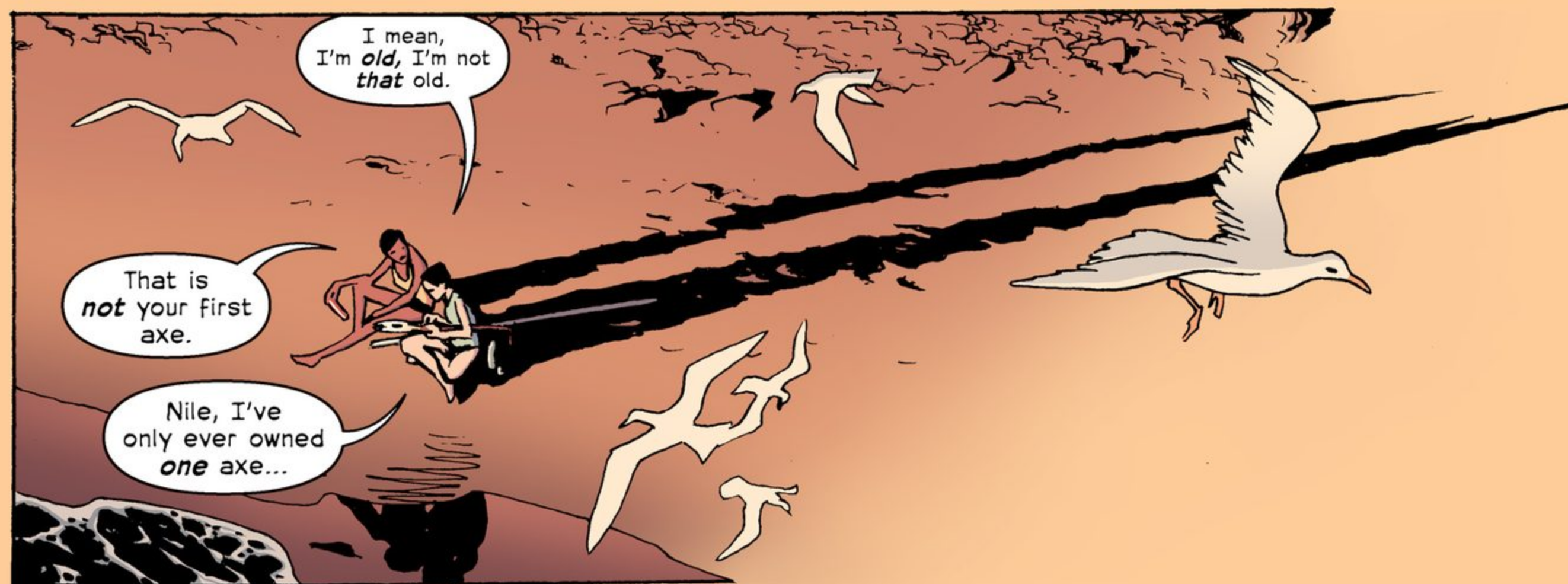
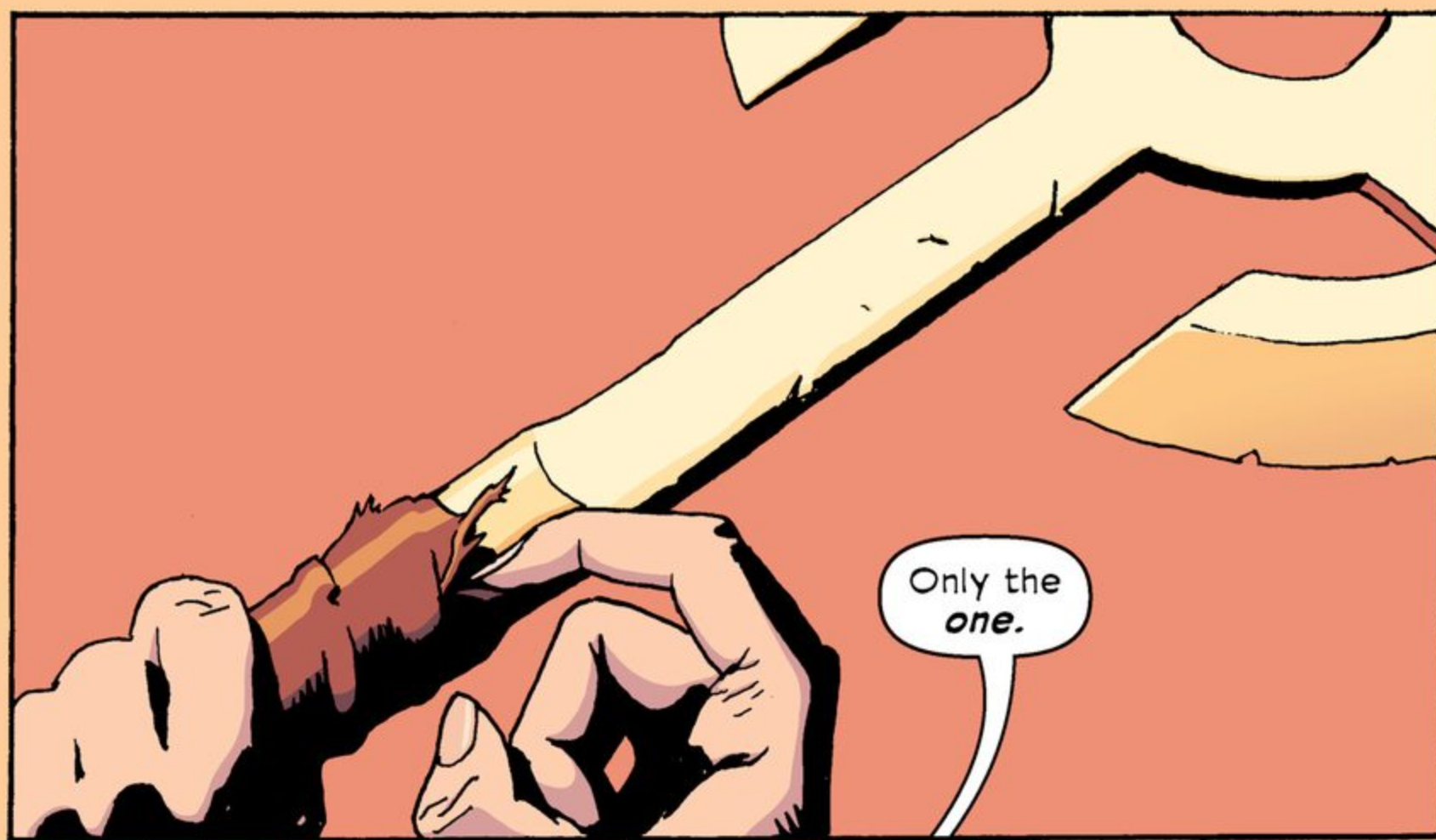
COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

THIS TAKES PLACE BETWEEN "OPENING FIRE" AND "FORCE MULTIPLIED," IF YOU ARE THE KIND OF PERSON WHO CARES ABOUT TIMELINES.

THE CANARY ISLANDS.









"...this one..."

"...forged for the woman
who led our tribe..."



"...I saw it *made*."



"You should have *seen* it, Nile..."



"...the way it *shone*..."

"...like it could *burn* the *air* itself."





"Understand, I *don't* remember a *lot* anymore..."



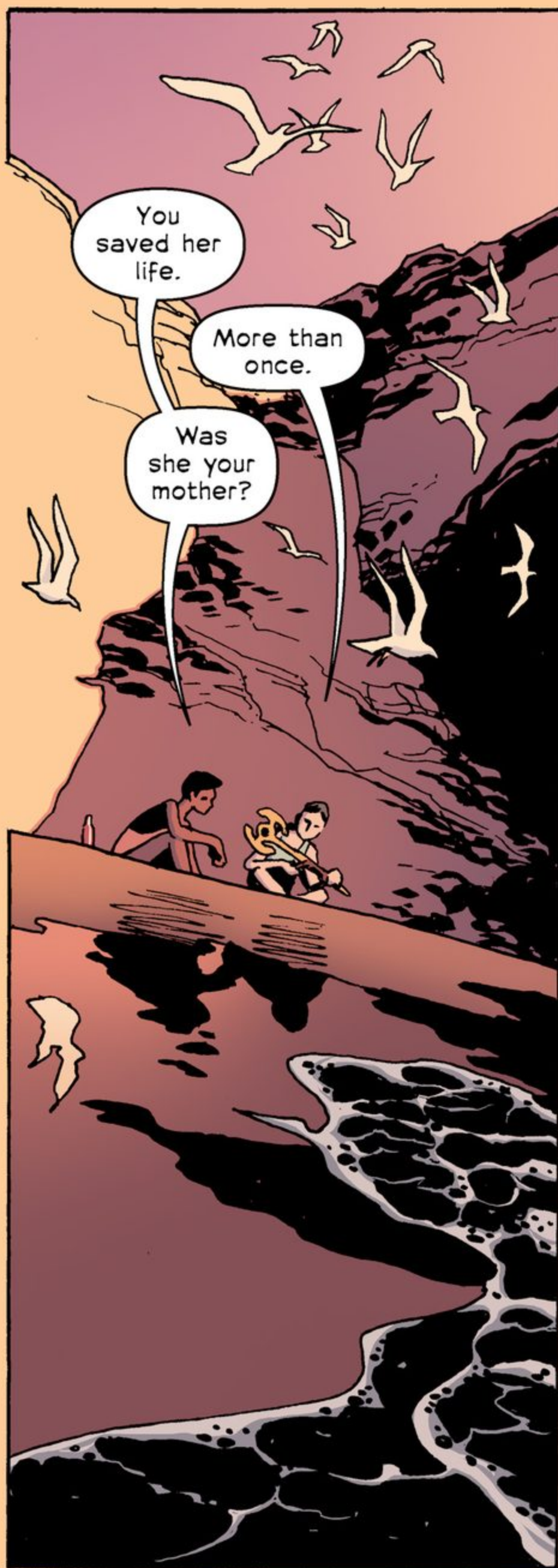
"...and so many things *blur* together, now..."



"...half the time, I don't know if I'm *remembering*..."



"...or if I'm just *making* shit up."



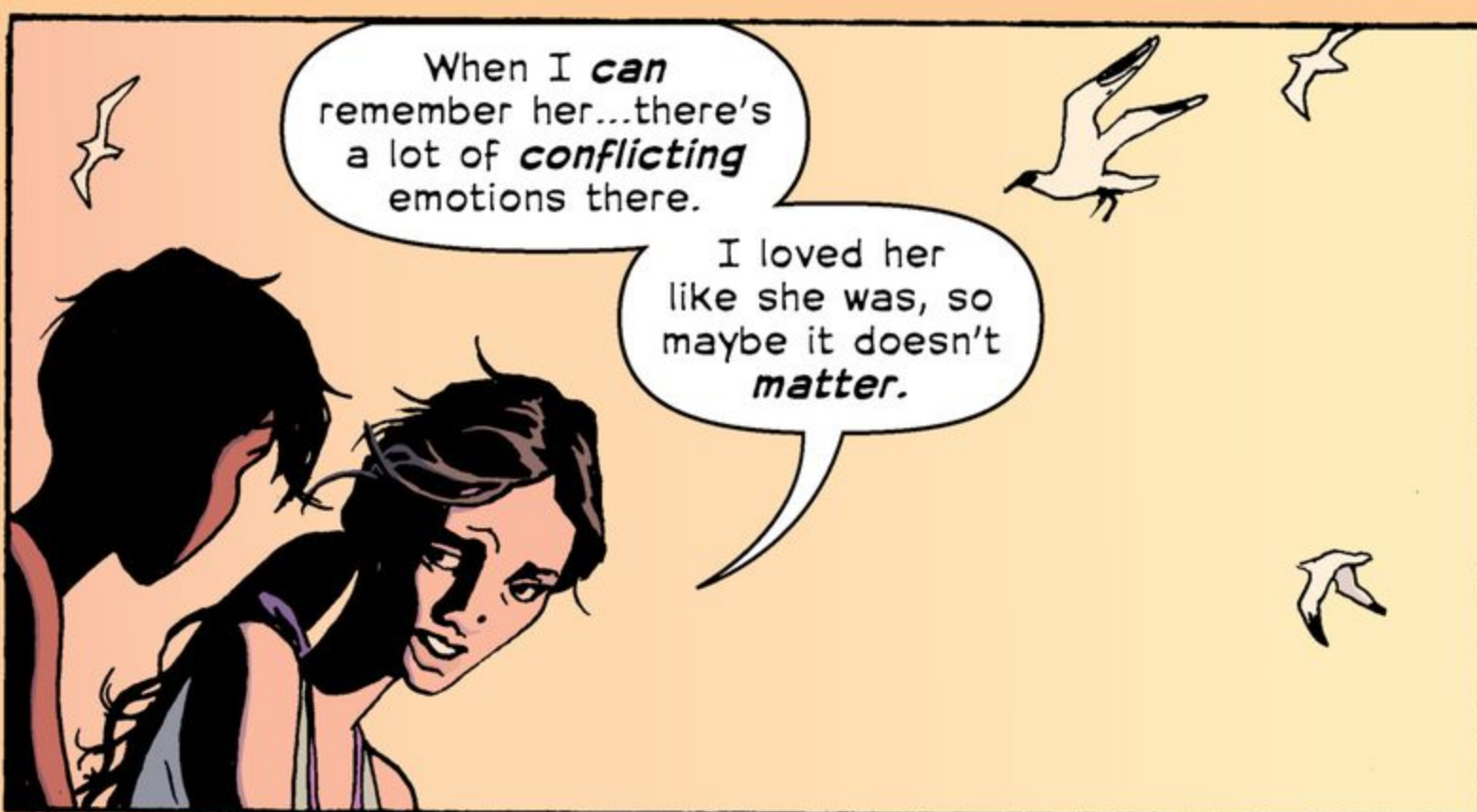
You saved her life.

More than once.

Was she your mother?

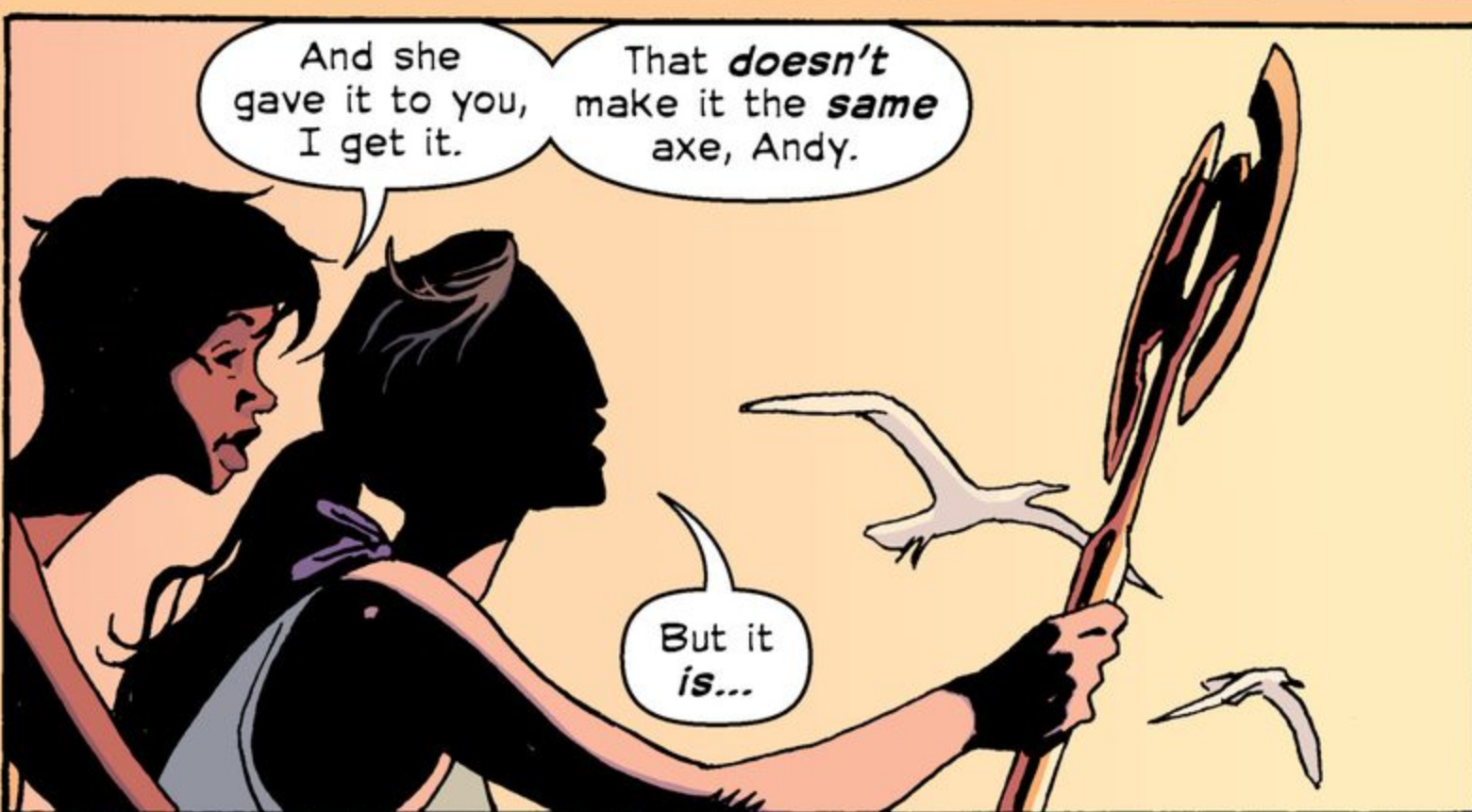


I don't know. Maybe?



When I *can* remember her...there's a lot of *conflicting* emotions there.

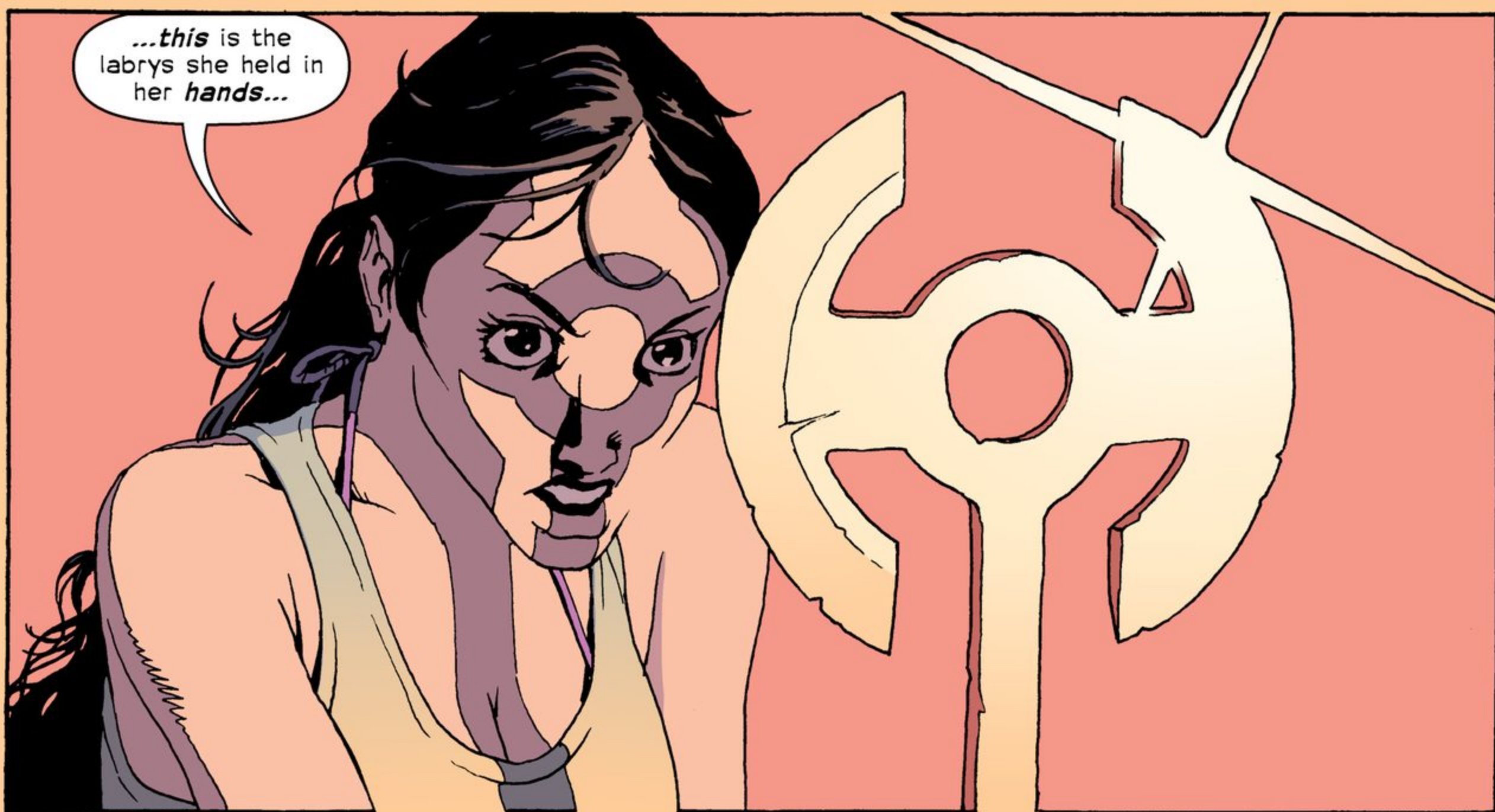
I loved her like she was, so maybe it doesn't *matter*.



And she gave it to you, I get it.

That *doesn't* make it the *same* axe, Andy.

But it *is*...



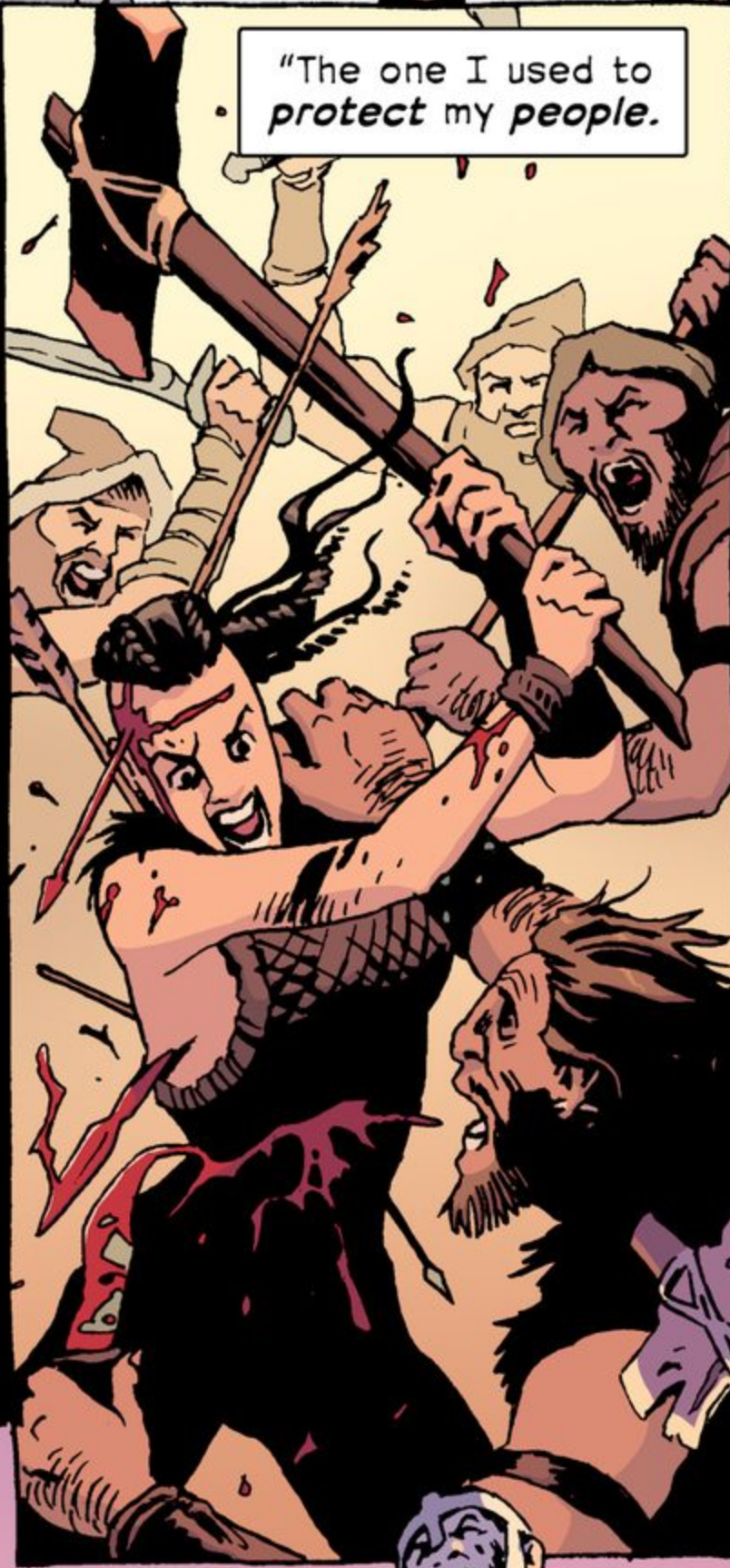
...*this* is the labrys she held in her *hands*...



"...the one she gave *me*
to name her *heir*."



"The one I used
to *avenge* her the day
she died."



"The one I used to
protect my *people*."



"The one I used to
become a *god* to them."



"It was as much a symbol
of my rule as I was."



Of course, the **head** got nicked to hell and back...



"...I had to have a **new** one forged, it was **bronze**..."



...never would've believed anything was so **sharp**, but it couldn't hold an **edge** worth a **fuck**...



"...and I had to replace the **shaft** more times than I can **count**, the first couple thousand years..."



...I tried different **woods** but they'd all fail eventually, though African **pearwood** worked **great** for a while...



"...paired **perfectly** with **iron** when that came along..."

"...and of course then the **leather** would rot off after a **while**, but..."

"...a woman I knew...she showed me a **better** way to strap it up..."



"...sometimes there'd be a *flaw* when I had the *head* replaced, an *impurity* or something..."

"...I'd be in the middle of a *fight* and the damn thing would just up and *shatter*..."

"...and I'd end up having to *improvise*..."



"...biggest problem was trying to get the damn *smiths* to understand what I wanted..."



"...most of them just didn't get it, the knowledge had died out..."



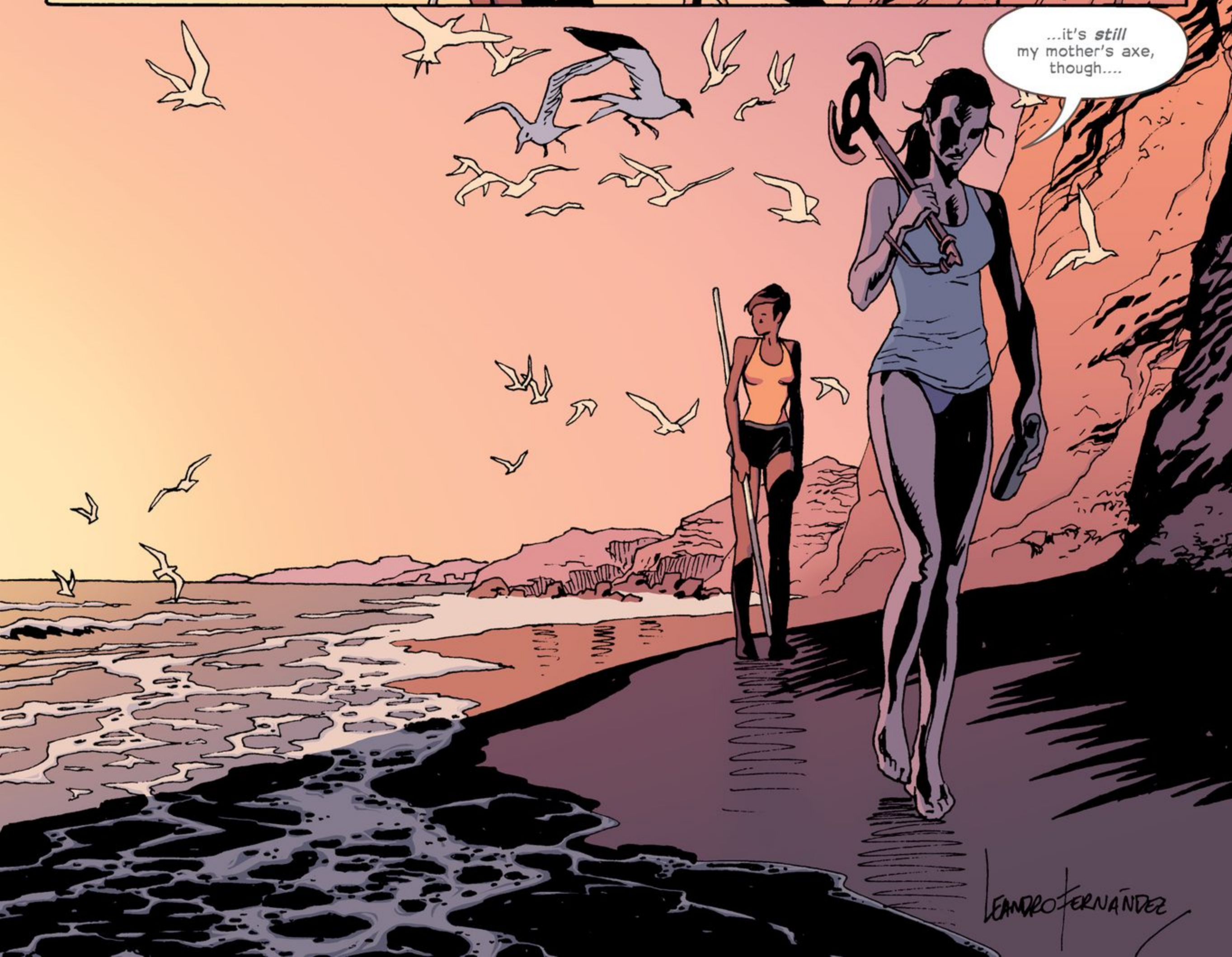
"...especially as *guns* became more and more *common*..."



"...and dedicated *smiths* became less and less so."



"Still, *look* hard enough, you'll find what you *need*."





“...there’s a lot of *conflicting* emotions there.”

II

“ZANZIBAR AND OTHER HARBORS”



WRITTEN BY **ANDREW WHEELER**

ART BY **JACOPO CAMAGNI**

COLORS BY **DANIELA MIWA** LETTERS BY **JODI WYNNE**

Reprobates,
criminals, invert,
Uranians, and
freaks!

I welcome
you tonight!



BERLIN. NOVEMBER, 1932.

I am Lulu,
your host for an
evening of song,
dance, and
scandal.

We live in Hell, my
darlings, and the flames
of damnation lick at our skin,
but do not despair! If we keep
each other wet, we may
stay safe for one
more night!

Fill
your glasses,
please--



--and
enjoy the
show!





Joe,
this place is
fabulous!



You'll
miss the show
if you keep
trying to burn
that man alive
with your
eyes.

You *know*
what he is,
Nicky...



...we've
seen this
before.



And
we'll see it
again.

Can we have
one romantic night
without starting
an incident?

I don't
know *what*
you're
referring to.

Oh, really?
Do you remember
the atelier in
Genoa?

You walked
through fire to rescue a
young man from the
pyre. They thought you
were the devil!

I couldn't go
home for a hundred
years.

Or His
Lordship's card game
in Montreal?

It *wasn't*
Montreal--

Regardless.
We saved that
soldier from a
firing squad and
never looked
back.

And
London? That
charming
coffeehouse...

They put the
owner in the stocks!
You would *never* have
let her rot there!

Even
so, we had
to run.

Then there's
Zanzibar.

Sultanate or
nightclub?

"The club in Cannes. It was...1887? The young street hustler and the drunken sailor?"

"And what did we *do* with the drunken sailor?"

"I *believe* you cut his throat."

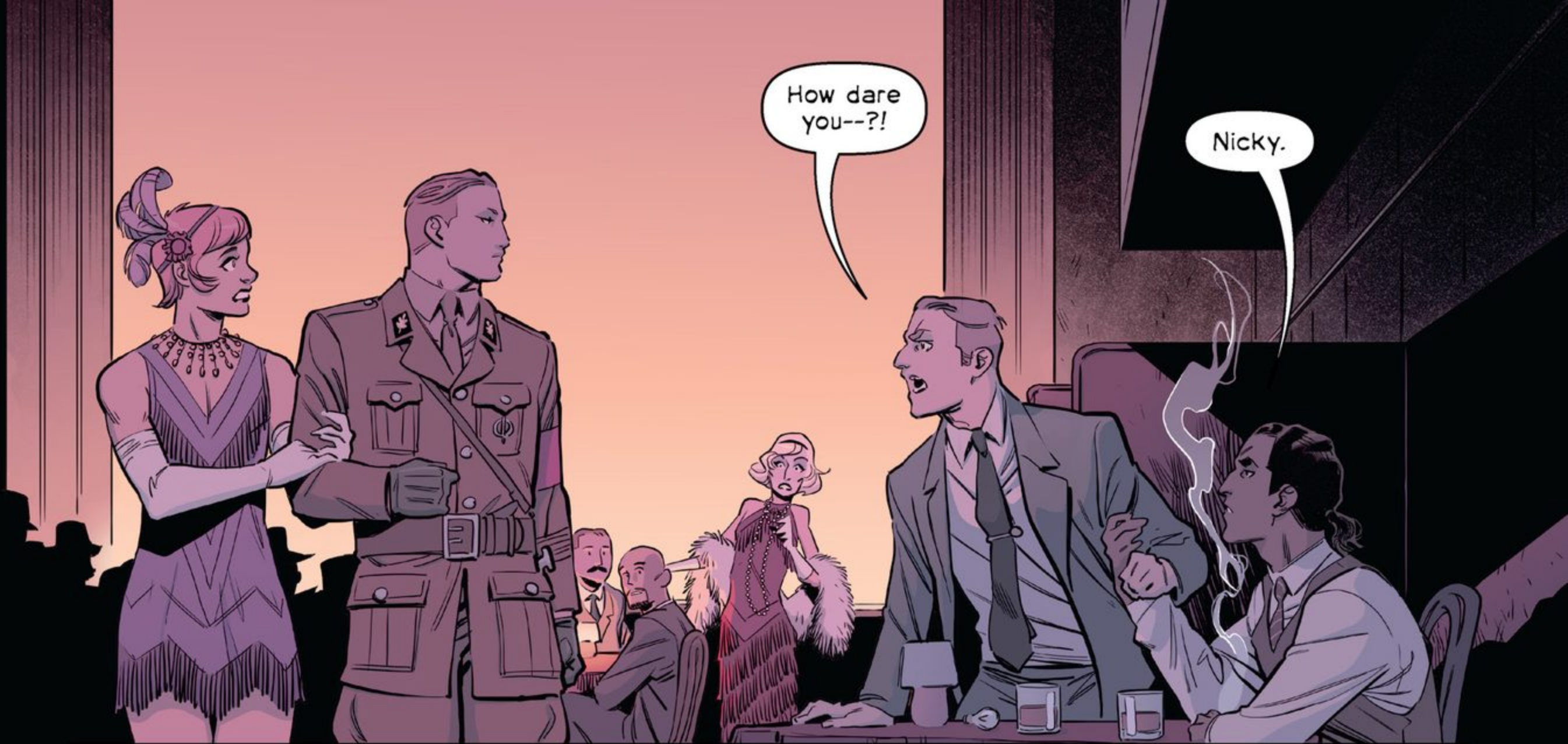


In every harbor, the same venomous bastards--

Dear Christ. What is this?

Bad enough to debase yourself with a man, but to lie down with a *dog*? Have you no dignity?





How dare
you--?!

Nicky.



Gentlemen, your
champagne!

And good
night to you,
Roland! Treat
my girl well,
yes?



Ma'am, we
did not order
any--

On the house.
Always a pleasure
to welcome
visitors.

You *are*
visitors, yes? I
have not seen you
here before.



You come to
us late, I am afraid.
The place is overrun
with fascists and
dilettantes.

The law does
not even allow men to
dance together anymore!
Germany has turned
against us!

Yet we are
a tough weed
to destroy. You
understand,
yes?



More than you might imagine.

Oh, my darling, I can imagine many things. I have seen *angels* in my time.

Where do you boys hail from? You are not local. Where is *home*?

We have not called anywhere home in a long time.



How mysterious and exhausting! You have a home here, my darlings--as long as our doors are open!

Enjoy your evening. I will see you again, perhaps.



I like her.

We should get out of here. I want to commit a crime.





This is *not* the crime I thought you had in mind.

We are under the eyes of God, my love. *Anyone* might see us. I dare say this is the loveliest crime we have ever committed.



Why is it so difficult, Joe? We've been afforded more time than any lovers I can name.

And still, every moment we scrape together feels precious. Something always happens--



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Like this. *Exactly* like this.



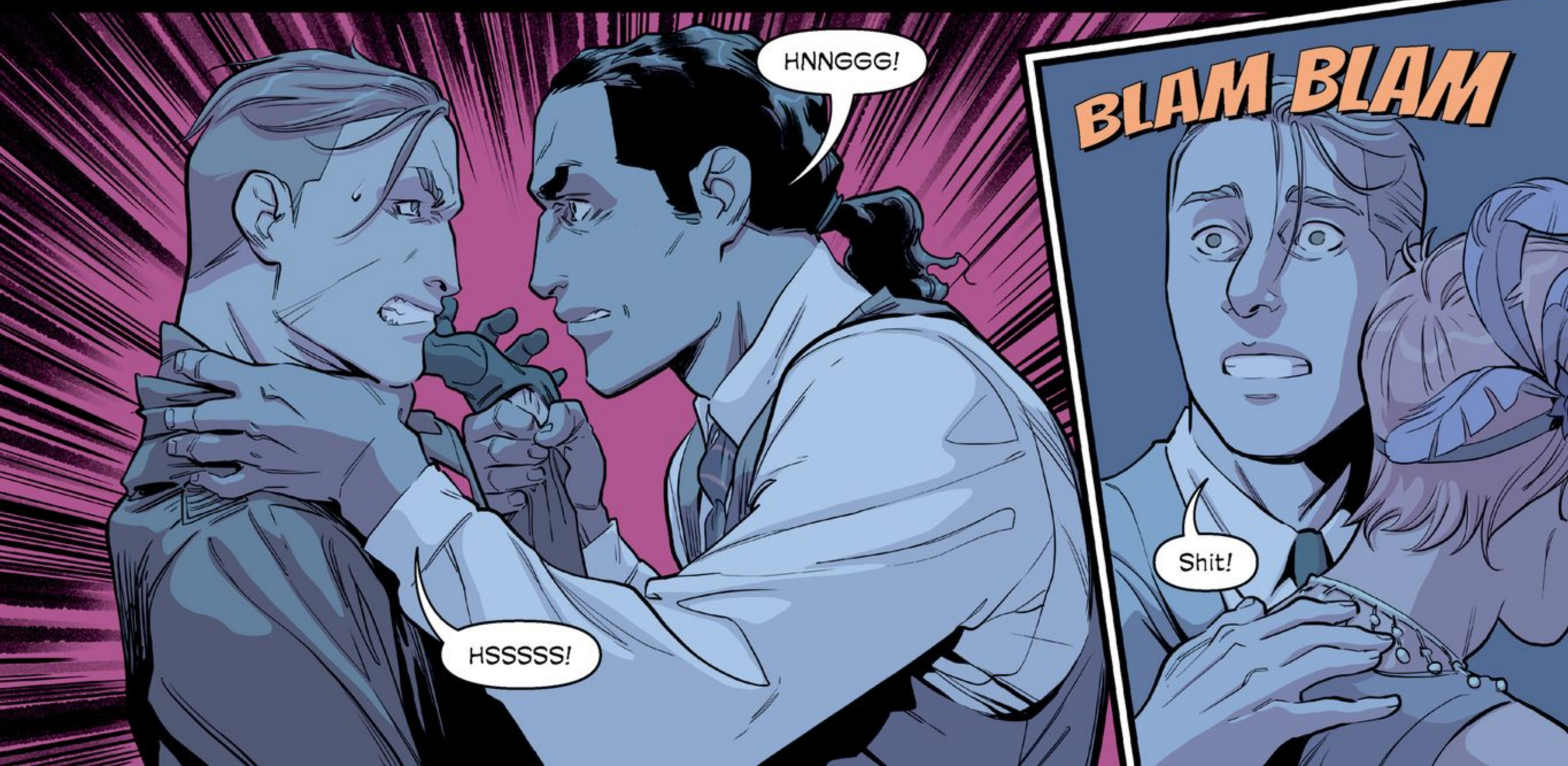
GET OFF
ME! GET AWAY
FROM ME!



You
wretched man.
Let her go.

Or what,
little dog? You will slap
me? Throw champagne in
my face? I do not see
a weapon in your
hand.







Filth. You know what police do when they find bodies of vermin like *you* in this park?

Nothing. They do nothing at all.

BLAM BLAM

HNF!

SPLUT

AAAAAAH!

No more screaming, girl. All of this is on your head.

My God!

Eh?





Hello again, boys.



You have not changed in half a century. What does that make you, I wonder? Is there a grisly portrait in an attic somewhere?

You know us? We've met before?



You saved my life at Zanzibar, a long time ago.

Travel safe, my angels. You are not alone out there.

No matter where you go, you have a home.



You have a family.



“Then there’s Zanzibar...”

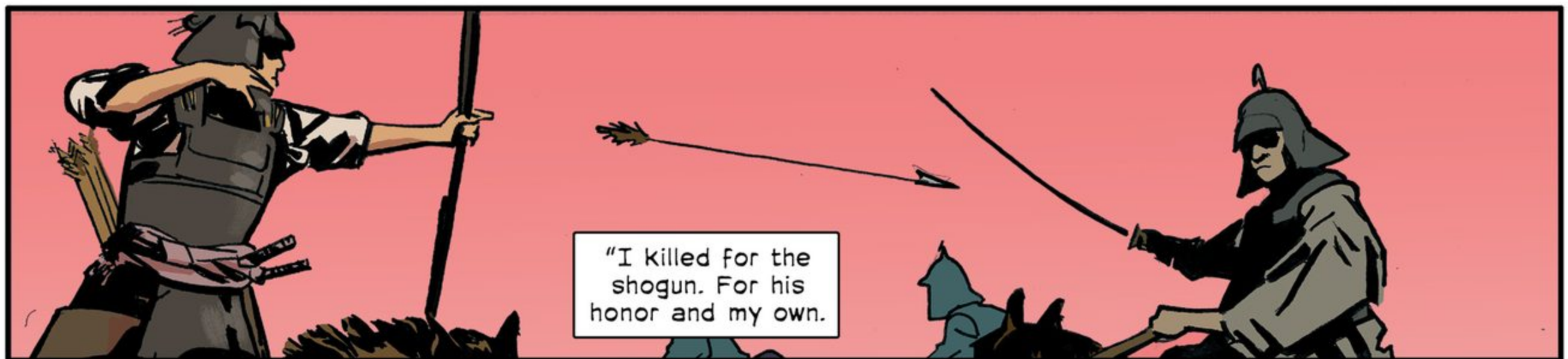
III

“BONSAI SHOKUNIN”



WRITTEN BY KELLY SUE DECONNICK
ART BY VALENTINE DE LANDRO
COLORS BY REBECCA GOOD LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

















My new shogun
gave me more land.
I soaked the soil
with blood.





You needn't hide.



This tree is not for me to tend any longer. If it ever was.



But I wonder...



Who are you to make this choice?

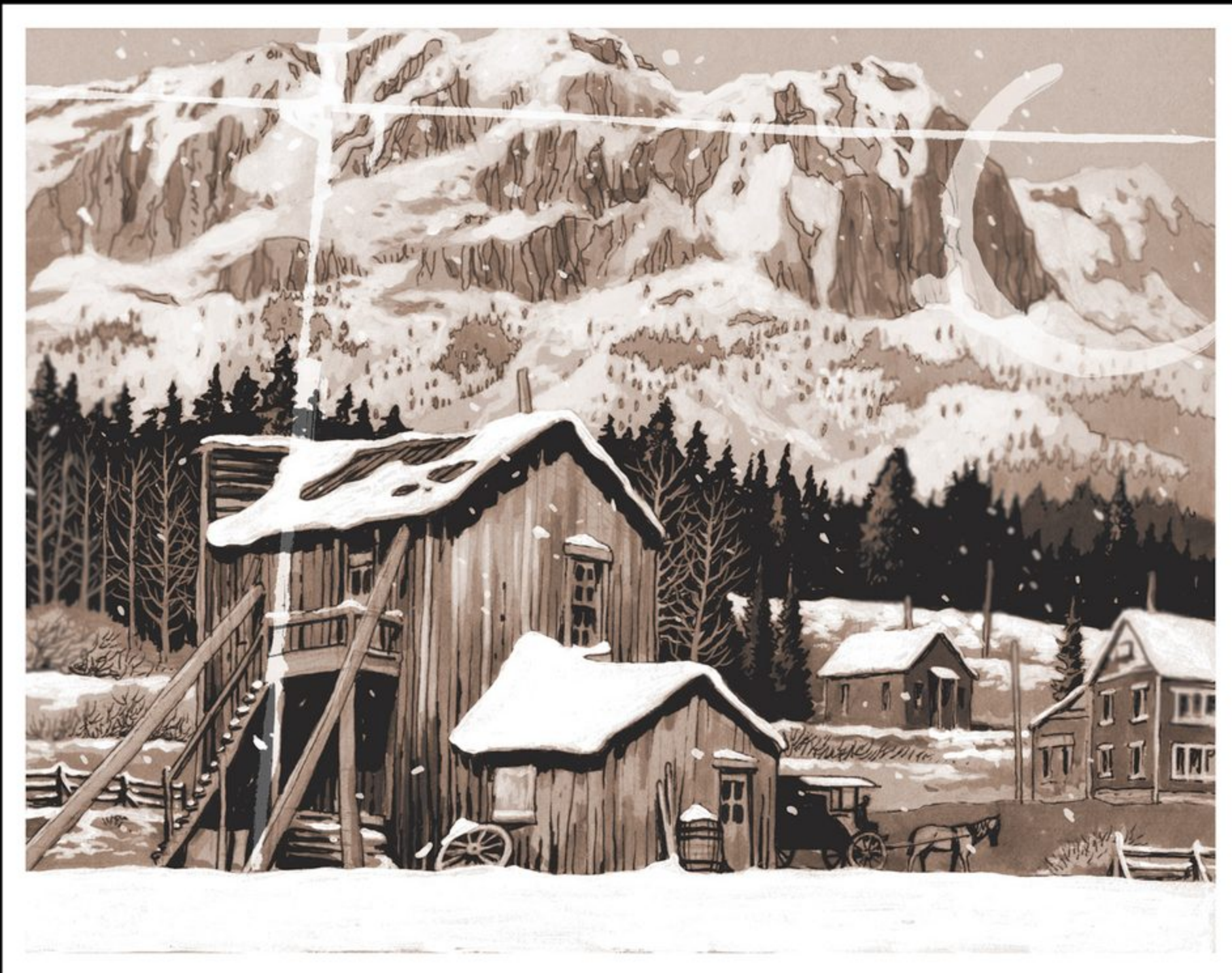




“... mercy is not reserved for those who deserve it.”

IV

“STRONG MEDICINE”



WRITTEN BY ERIC TRAUTMANN
ART BY MIKE HENDERSON
COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

MY FRIEND ANDROMACHE STOP HAVE BEEN DIVERTED BY WEATHER AND OTHER MATTERS STOP WILL JOIN YOU IN SAN FRANCISCO AS SOON AS IS PRACTICAL STOP

SOMETHING GNAWS AT ME STOP

LIKE A STRING THAT HAS BEEN PLUCKED STOP



--two days we been riding out here.

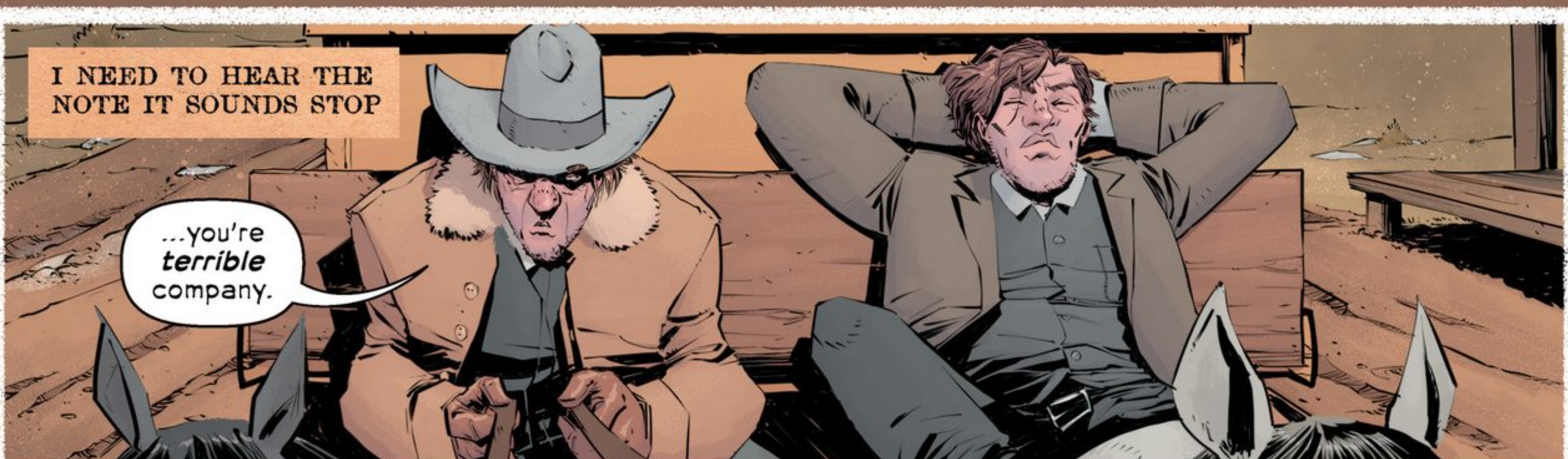
Two days and you ain't said maybe five words the whole time.

Yessir, I'm happy for the money you paid me, but all things considered...



I NEED TO HEAR THE NOTE IT SOUNDS STOP

...you're *terrible* company.



IN ANY EVENT I AM COMPELLED
HERE THOUGH AS YET I AM UNSURE
WHY STOP

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

Well, we're
here, my quiet
friend.

Gothic,
Colorado. A place
on its way *up*.

There's *silver* in
these mountains, and
that has a way of
drawing in folks.

Few years,
it's going to be the
"San Francisco of
the Mountains," so
they say.

CLIVE G. BANNING
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Gonna
up and get
civilized.

DIDN'T
DOCTOR
FOR SHIT

So it
seems.

He
speaks.

He does.
He'd rather
drink.

Saloon's
yonder.

Friend, you don't
seem like the type to
take it, but here's a bit
of free advice...





Bastard
should be here
by now.

Only been
four days, Eamon.
He'll be along any
time now.

Ain't like
Keenan's going to
get up and walk out
'fore he shows up,
is he?

...easy with
that talk, brother.
You know how
Eamon *gets*.



What'll
you have,
sir?

Red wine if
you have it. Ideally
without footsores
in it.



Fancy.

Had some
berry wine a year or
so back. Maybe had a
footsore or two.

Beer's
good, sour
mash and rye
whiskey are
better.



THIS STRANGE LIFE WE LEAD
MUST HAVE A PURPOSE STOP



*Quand
on est à
Rome...*

Come
again?

I said,
"Rye it is."



What's the story with that bunch?

The *Coyle brothers*. Youngest brother, *Keenan*, got himself hurt up to the mine a week ago.

They carted him in here, out cold and bleeding, and they've been sittin' with him ever since. Tried to get Doc Banning to patch him up, but...well.

Only have to look at the poor boy and you know how this is gonna end.



And when your doctor explained that to them?

Eamon had a... *vigorous* discussion with the doctor. Maybe you saw the results hanging outside.

Hey. You.

Don' like people *talkin'* about me.

An' with th' *accent*. You the Queen of England or sumthin'?



TALKIN' TO YOU, YOU BASTARD--

No. You're yelling.

At the wrong person.



You have my condolences for your recent troubles, Mr. Coyle, but my sympathies have their limits.

As does my *patience*.



English bastard.

You'll see. You'll *see*.

Cousin Ellis is bringin' *him* here. The *miracle man*.



They say he can cure *anythin'*.

When he's done fixin' Keenan, maybe he'll see to *you*, too.

I have a feelin' you'll be needin' a doc, you keep *runnin'* your mouth, Englishman.

THESE STRINGS ALWAYS PULL US
TO WHERE WE MUST BE STOP

First, I
am **French**, not
English.

Second, you
are too drunk to
see this clearly, I
know, but let me
assure you...



...since you
have troubles
aplenty, I am
trying my very,
very best not
to kill you.



EAMON!
OUT HERE! I
GOT HIM!



Deal with
you next,
y' English
dandy.





Found your man, Eamon. Brought him and his whole rig, just like you wanted.

Just barely beat the snow.

--please, I don't know what you want--



Want you to do some *doctorin'*.

And you better do it a *damn* sight better than the last one did.

Eamon, *please*. It would take the *Good Lord Himself* to help Keenan!



Have a drink--on the house--and let the poor man *be*.

Hell with that. He's going to *fix* my baby brother. Ain't no other choice, he wants to stay on this side of the dirt.

Get to it, professor.

They say your *elixirs* and *potions* and such can work miracles. Get to workin' 'em.



The poor boy is *gone*, sir! *Cold!*

A terrible loss, for certain, but--



Dead? You're sure?

Sir, I *beg* you, see *reason...*



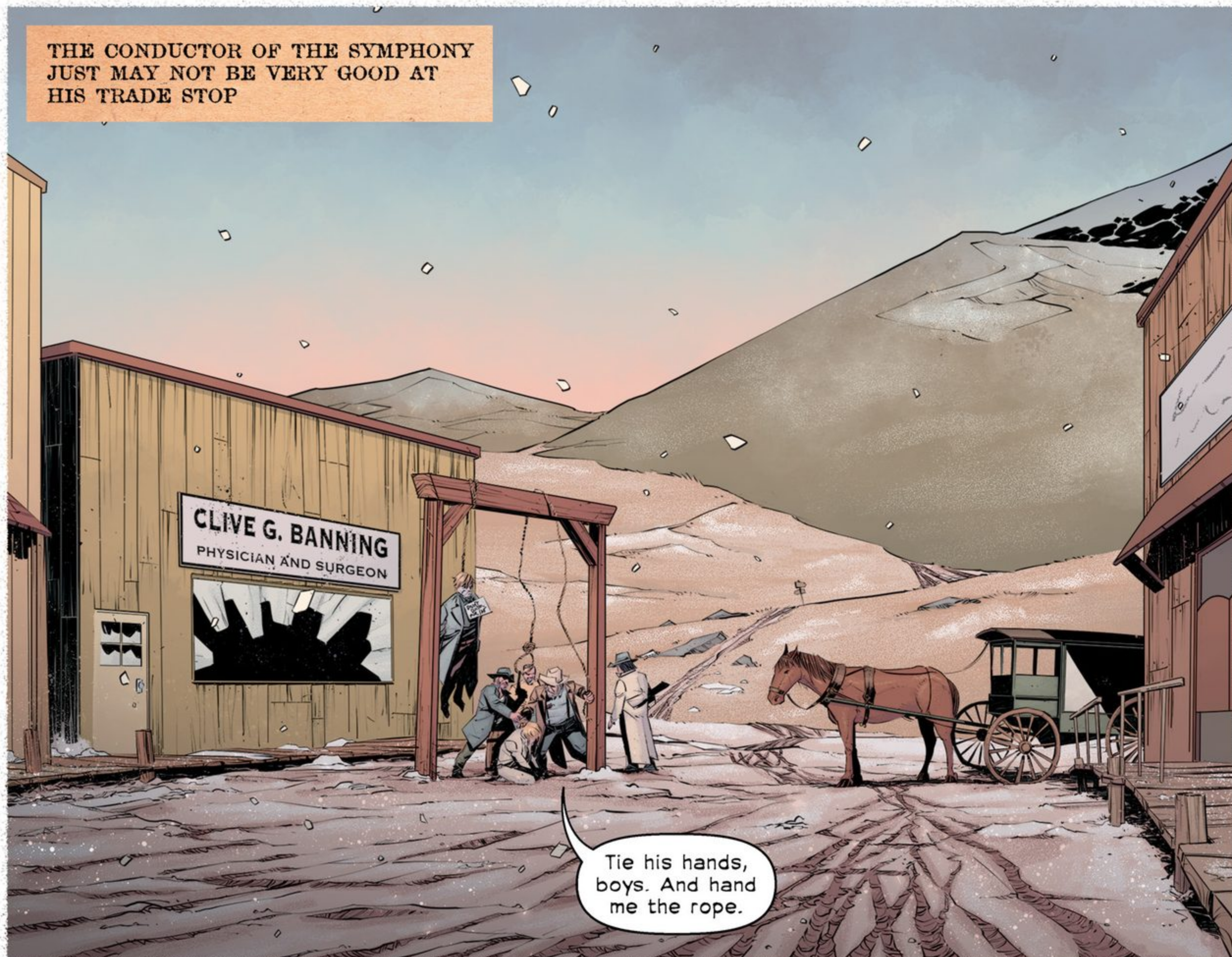
IS EACH PLUCK OF THE STRING ANOTHER NOTE IN A SYMPHONY STOP

Yes sir, "professor," I 'spect the *beggin'* will come along shortly.

Beg me?



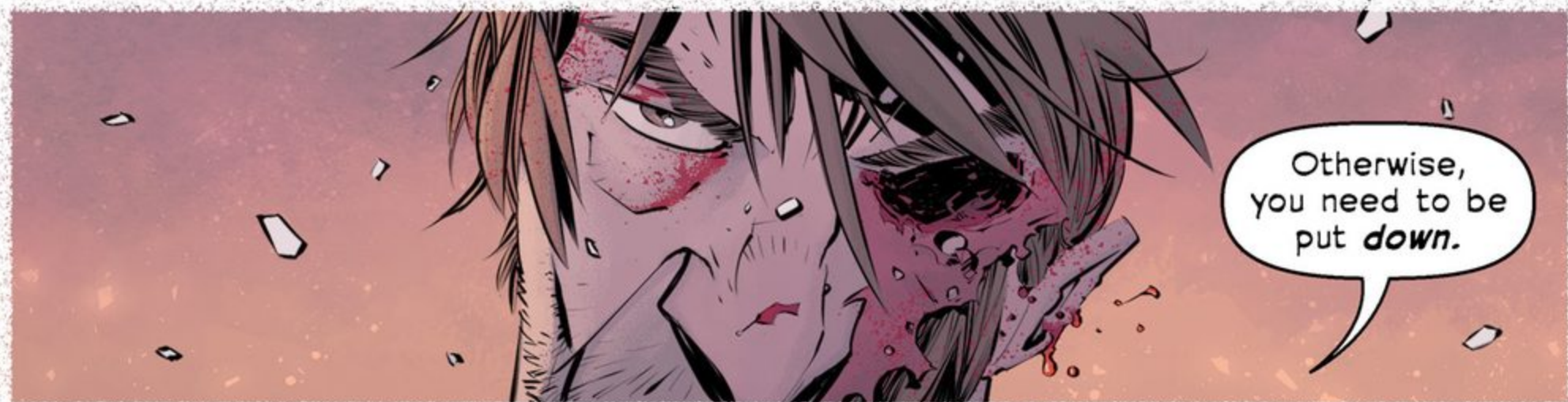
THE CONDUCTOR OF THE SYMPHONY
JUST MAY NOT BE VERY GOOD AT
HIS TRADE STOP



THAT NOTION GIVES ME PAUSE STOP
THAT WE ARE NOT DIRECTED BY A
GRAND DESIGN STOP

One
chance,
Eamon.

Let him
be and walk
away.



Send this
son of a bitch back
to Hell--





WHAT I MUST DO HERE FEELS NECESSARY STOP

...How? How is this possible? You were dead--

You're alive, sir. Best not to ask how.

A...sickness has been cured here, professor. Let that be enough.

M--my thanks are quite inadequate, sir. I am forever in your debt.

Forever is quite a long time. I won't hold you to that.

BUT I AM AT A LOSS AS TO SEE WHAT MAY COME OF THIS AFFAIR STOP

If you're careful, you can make it down to Crested Butte.

I'd be obliged if you didn't mention me to any curious *peace officers*, or anyone *else* for that matter.

The very *least* I can do, sir, is offer my *discretion*.

It is a pity that no one would believe me if I *were* to tell...

PROFESSOR MILFORD MERRICK
© HEALER · SCHOLAR SCIENTIST ©
PURVEYOR OF TINCTURES AND TONICS,
POULTICES AND POTIONS, CURATIVES AND Elixirs
THAT RID YOU OF AGUES, CROUPS, COUGHS,
ACHES, PAINS, MALAISE, AND MALADY!

"...it would be a hell of a story to tell my grandchildren."



“...I am trying my very, *very* best not to kill you.”

V

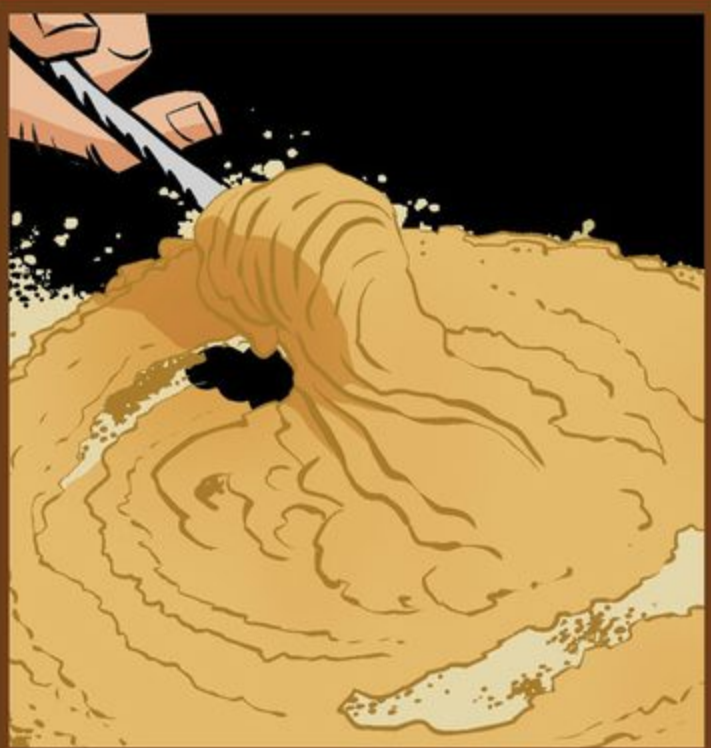
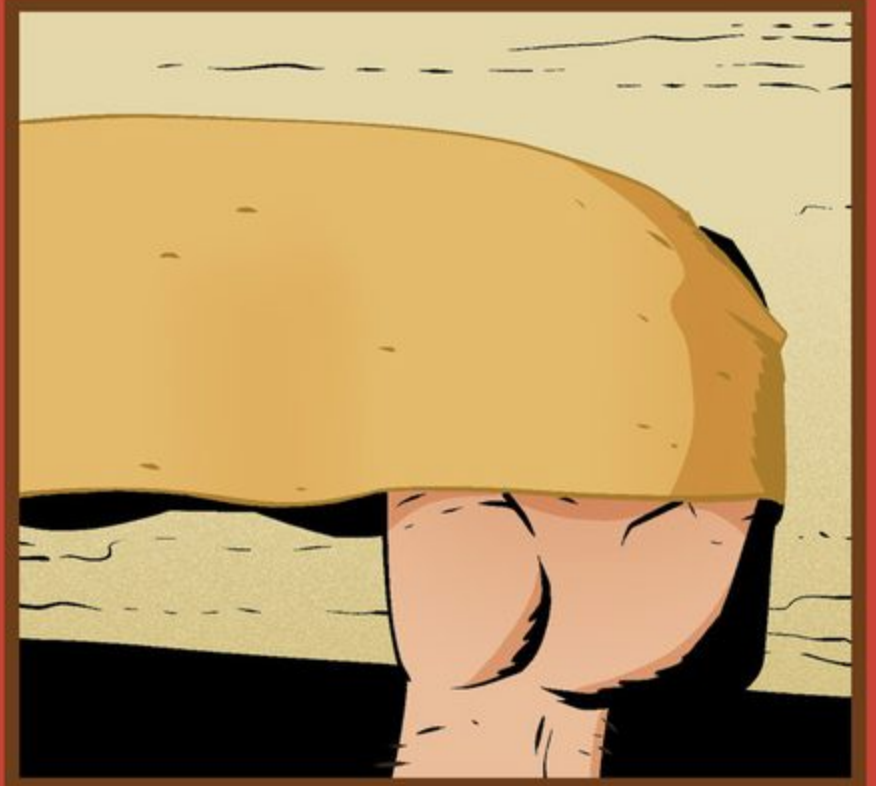
“PASSCHENDAELE”



WRITTEN BY BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

ART BY MICHAEL AVON OEMING

COLORS BY TAKI SOMA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE





Do you have the key to the ladies' room?

Why would I have the keys to the ladies' room--?

They're your bathrooms.

A lady locked herself up inside.

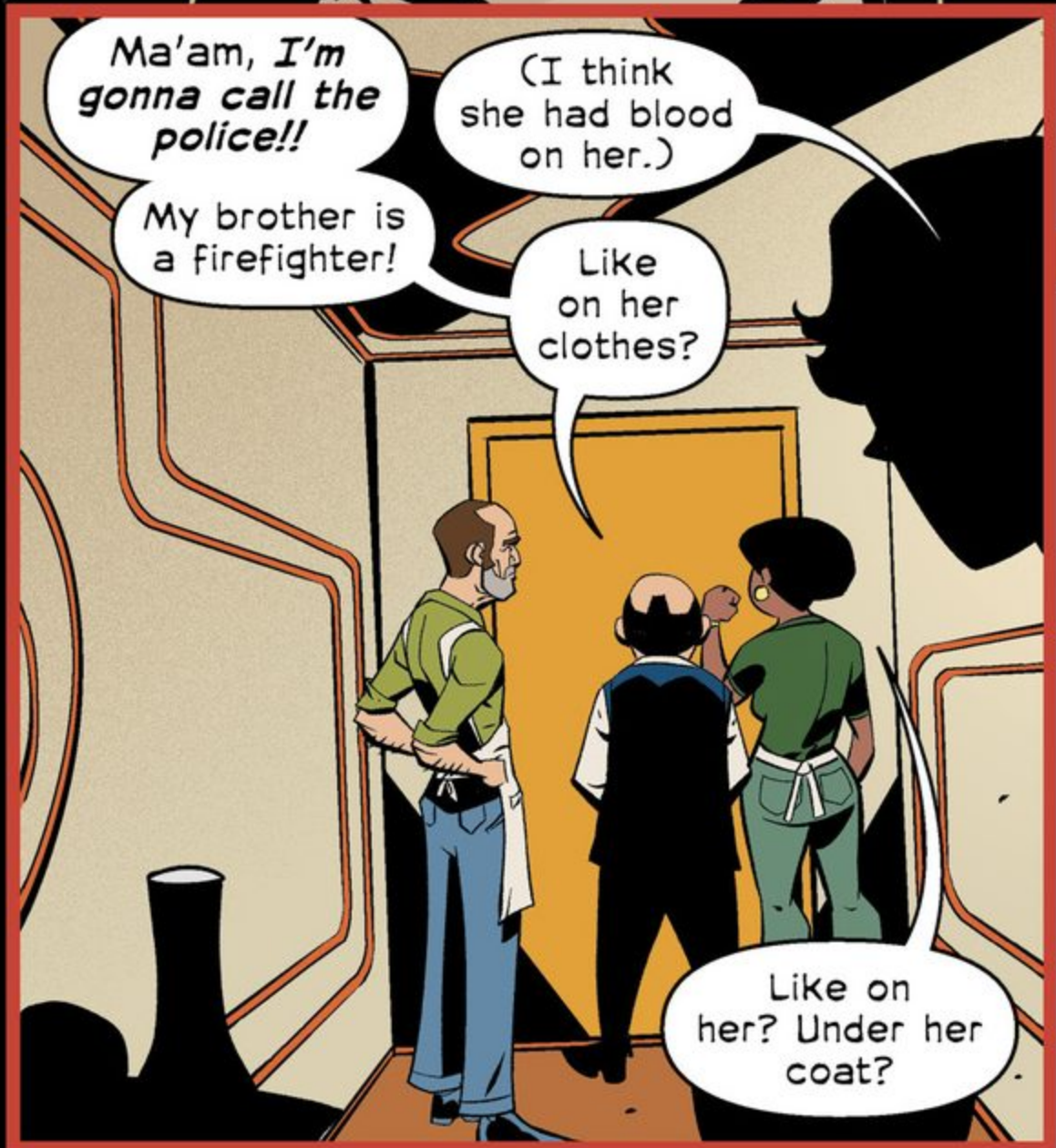
We're closed.

She came in.

Lucy thought she saw blood on her.



Blood?



Ma'am, I'm gonna call the police!!

(I think she had blood on her.)

My brother is a firefighter!

Like on her clothes?

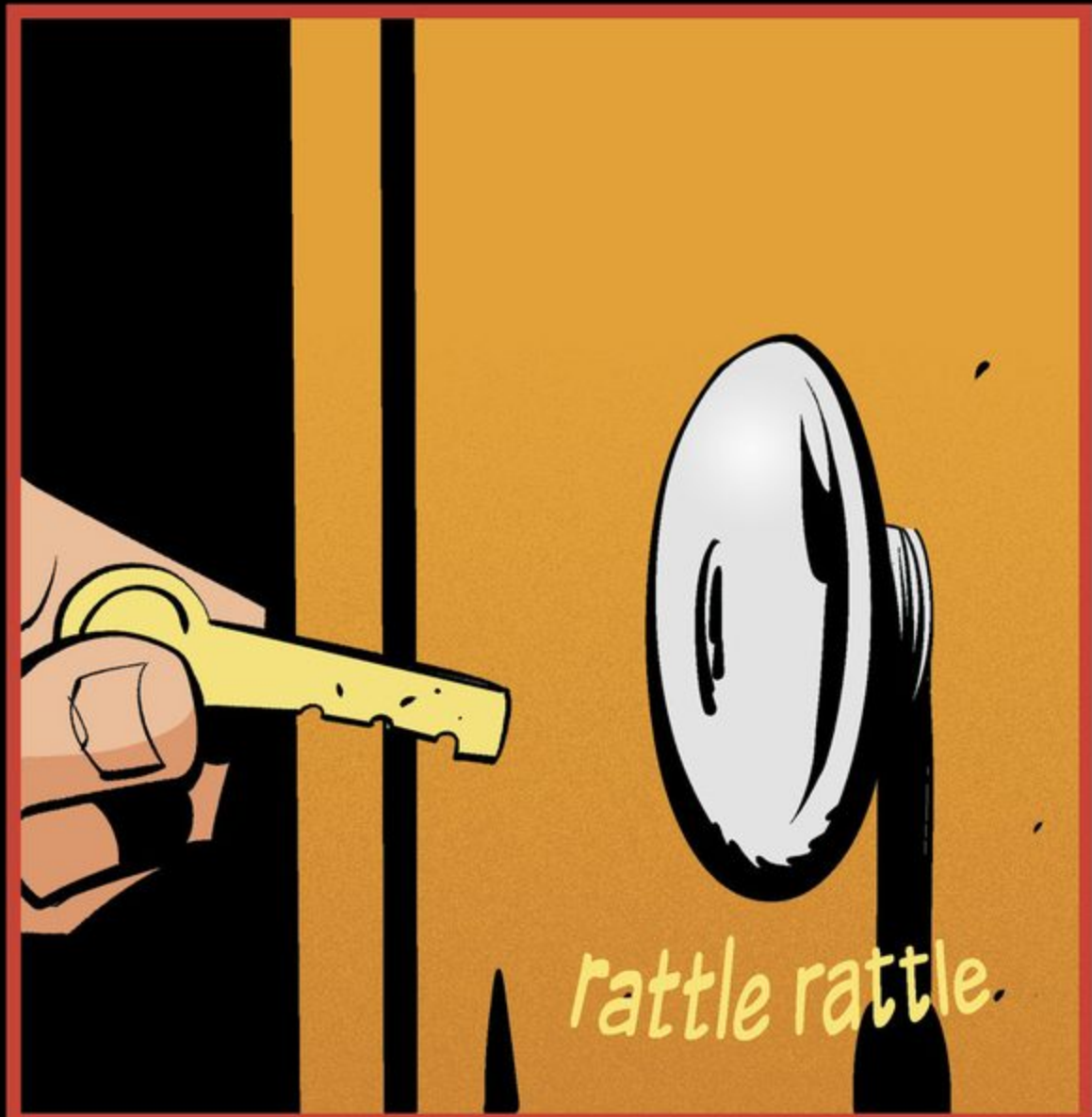
Like on her? Under her coat?



Like I got nothing better to do all after--

Ah, here we go.

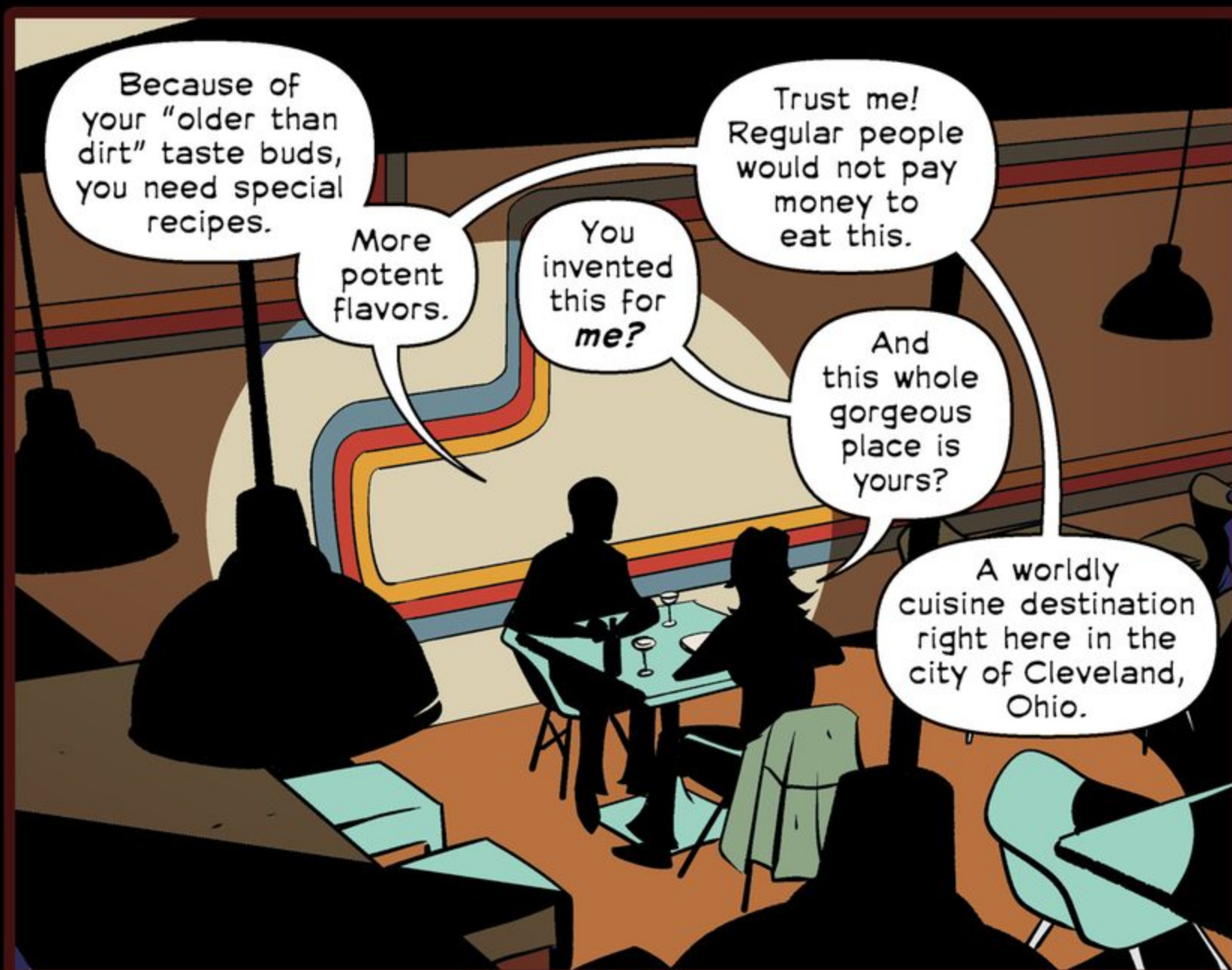
jingle jangle

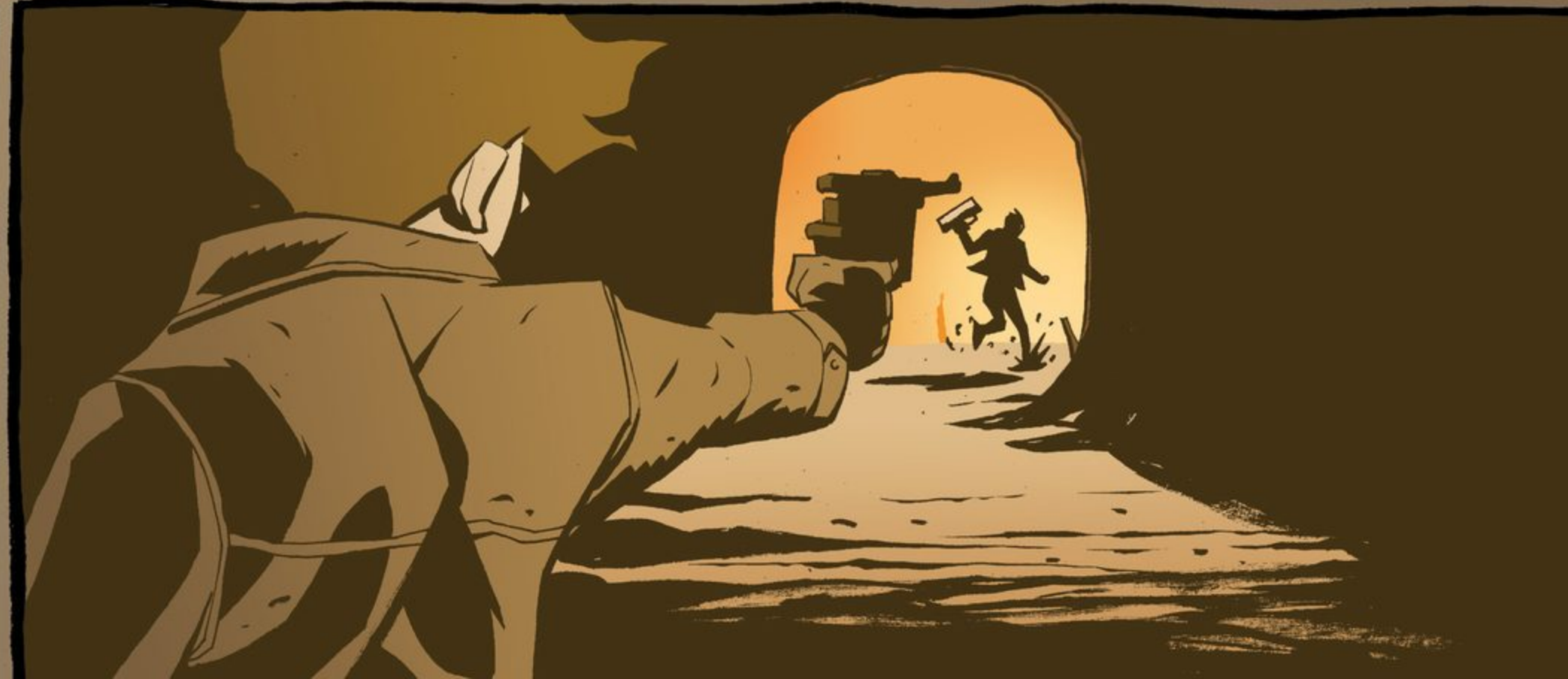


rattle rattle.













Boy?

Where's
your papa?







I celebrate you and your... all your life's purpose.

I see the papers and I wonder if it's you and the guys...

(The way Vietnam ended.)

But...



...I miss you so much.



Oh, Zeus.

Are you married? Are--are there little ones?



You know what? Actually, I take it back a bit.

This **does** hurt.

To see you like this.

Only because--you didn't come to see me.

You bumped into me.



What did I do when I saw you?



And **all** those things I've done...

All the stories I told you.

Well...

Picking your little ass up is **still** the highlight.

And that was **before** this place.

And this fucking food...





“And you’re saying *today*—you just *walked* in here.”

VI

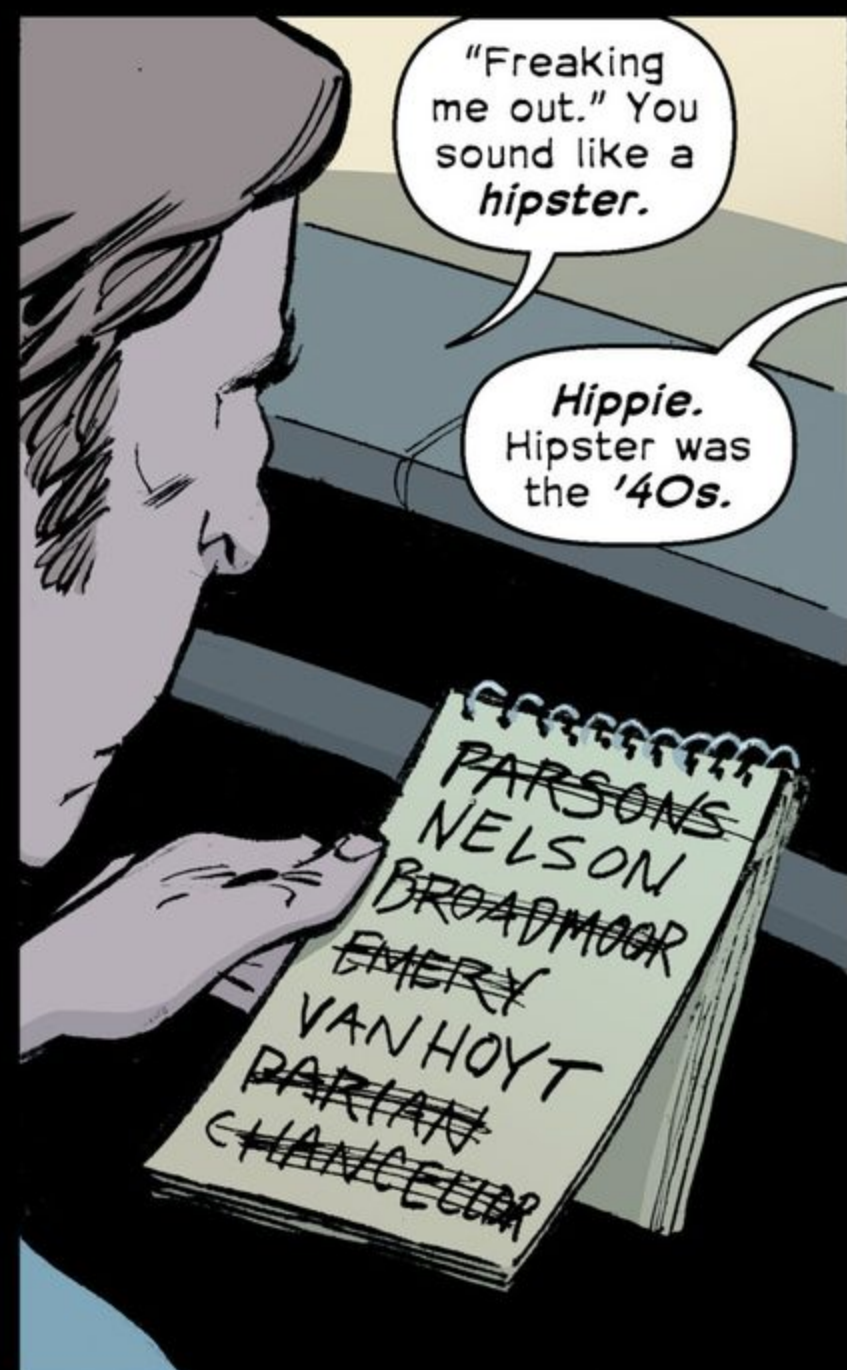
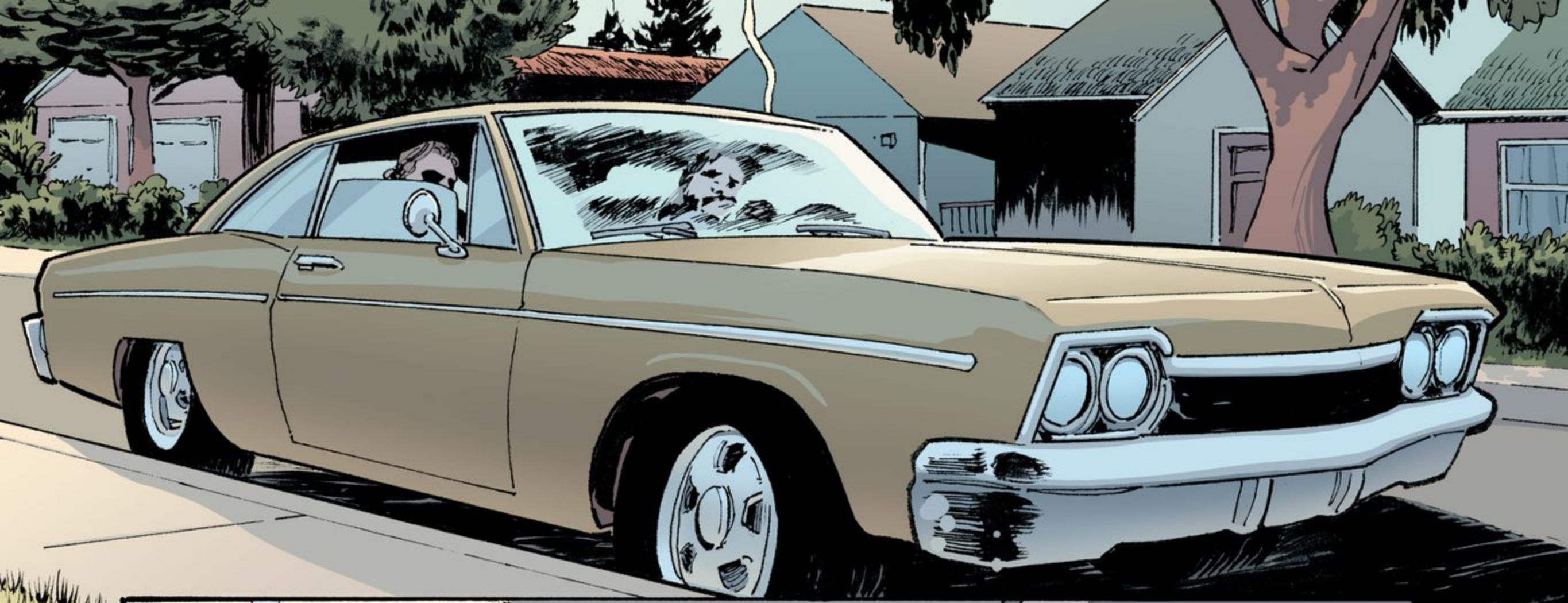
“LACUS SOLITUDINIS”



WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACKENZIE & DAVE WALKER

ART BY JUSTIN GREENWOOD

COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE





I'm just saying, if you ran to a phone, you could make it.

Call, say we canned this, we come back and take care of it tonight.

I would *never* lie to him, Booker.



Longer you put it off, worse it will be.

But hey, you want to dig a hole for yourself--



--it's your funeral.



Our man is on *duty* tonight.

He's home *today*. They all are.



No one is going to be looking.

JULY 20, 1969.

EAGAN, MINNESOTA.

SAN FRANCISCO.





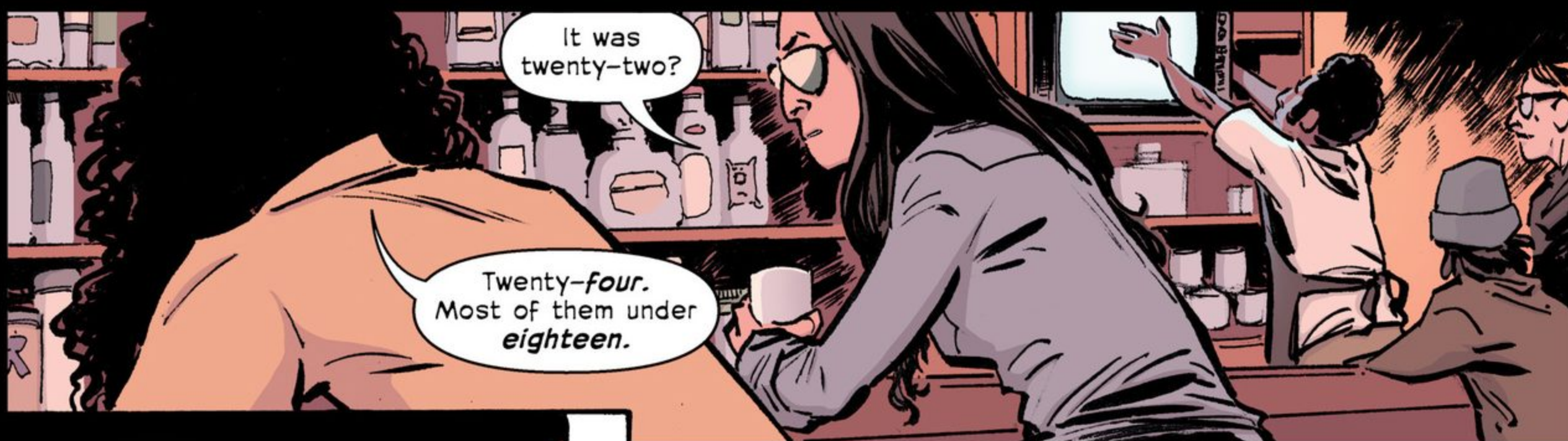
I'm not wrong, you *got* the guy, right?



Oh, we *got* the guy--



--and made sure people *knew* he *was* the guy.



It was twenty-two?

Twenty-four. Most of them under *eighteen*.



But there won't be any *more*.



So, what's he *still* doing there?

Without *you*?



Bravo 2.
Bravo 2. Good radar
data, altitude now
33,500 feet.



Hal
wasn't too
far off.

I suspect
Hal may be
just about
right--



Detective
Van Hoyt.

Please,
sit *down*.





Wasn't quite so hot in **November**, was it?



The Ripper isn't going to hurt anyone else--



No. He's **not**.

You're **welcome**.



In November, you had Carl Hach in custody. For repeated violations of the **highway code**.

Parking his **car** at the side of the highway. What **are** the odds?



He was charming. **Very** charming. Professional. Paid his **fine**. Had an explanation.

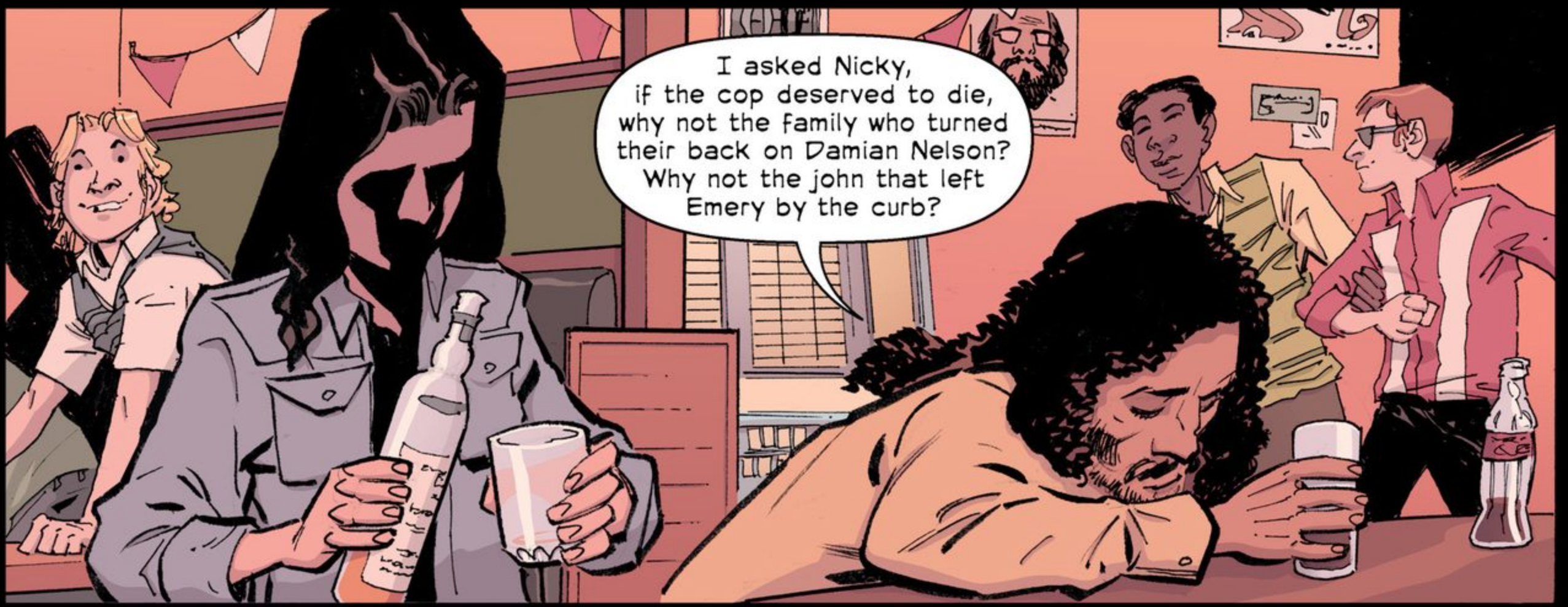


You had a description. Hach **matched** it.

You realized **that**, maybe ten minutes after you let him walk through the door. And then you said--



It's too fucking **cold** to go out for a bunch of **fairies**.



I asked Nicky,
if the cop deserved to die,
why not the family who turned
their back on Damian Nelson?
Why not the john that left
Emery by the curb?



And he
said, "Why *not*
them?"

And
you said
what?

I didn't
say
anything.

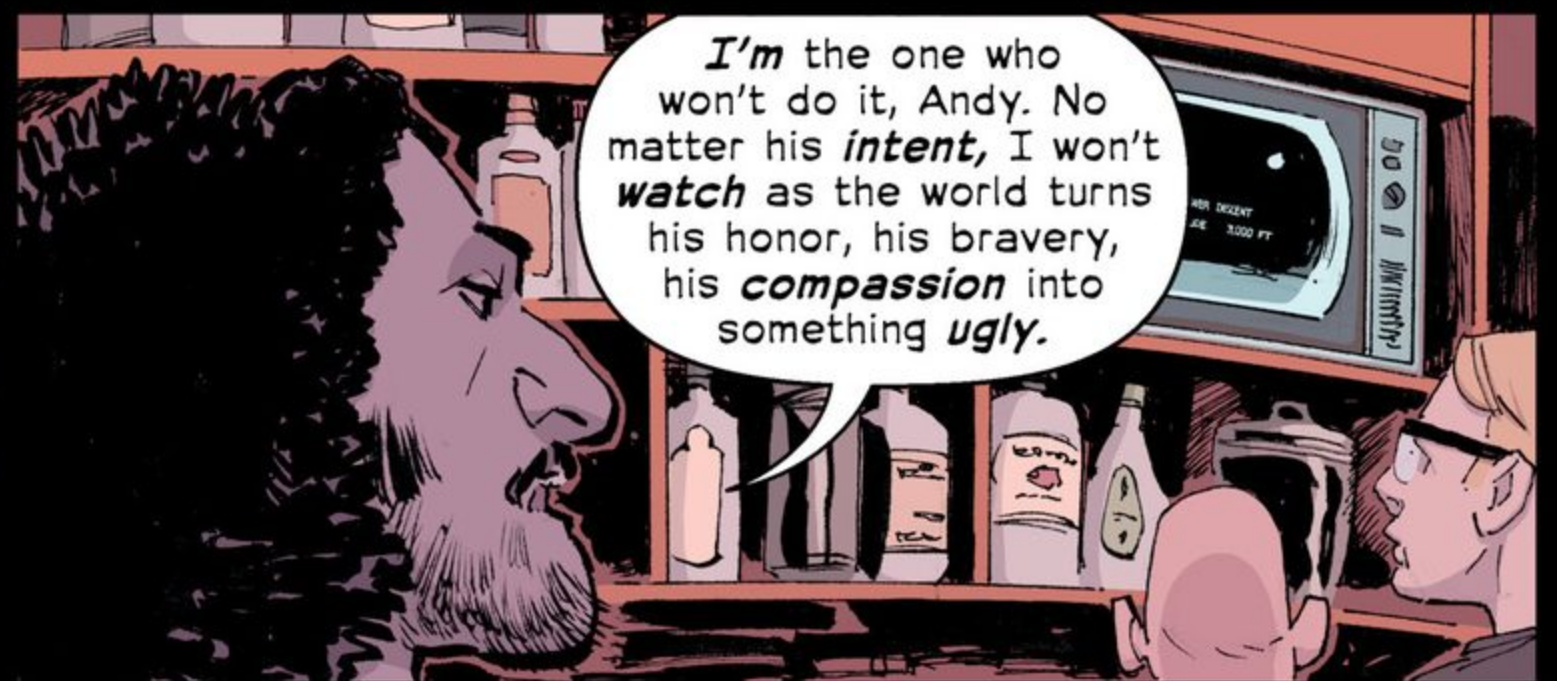


Oh.
You're not
talking.

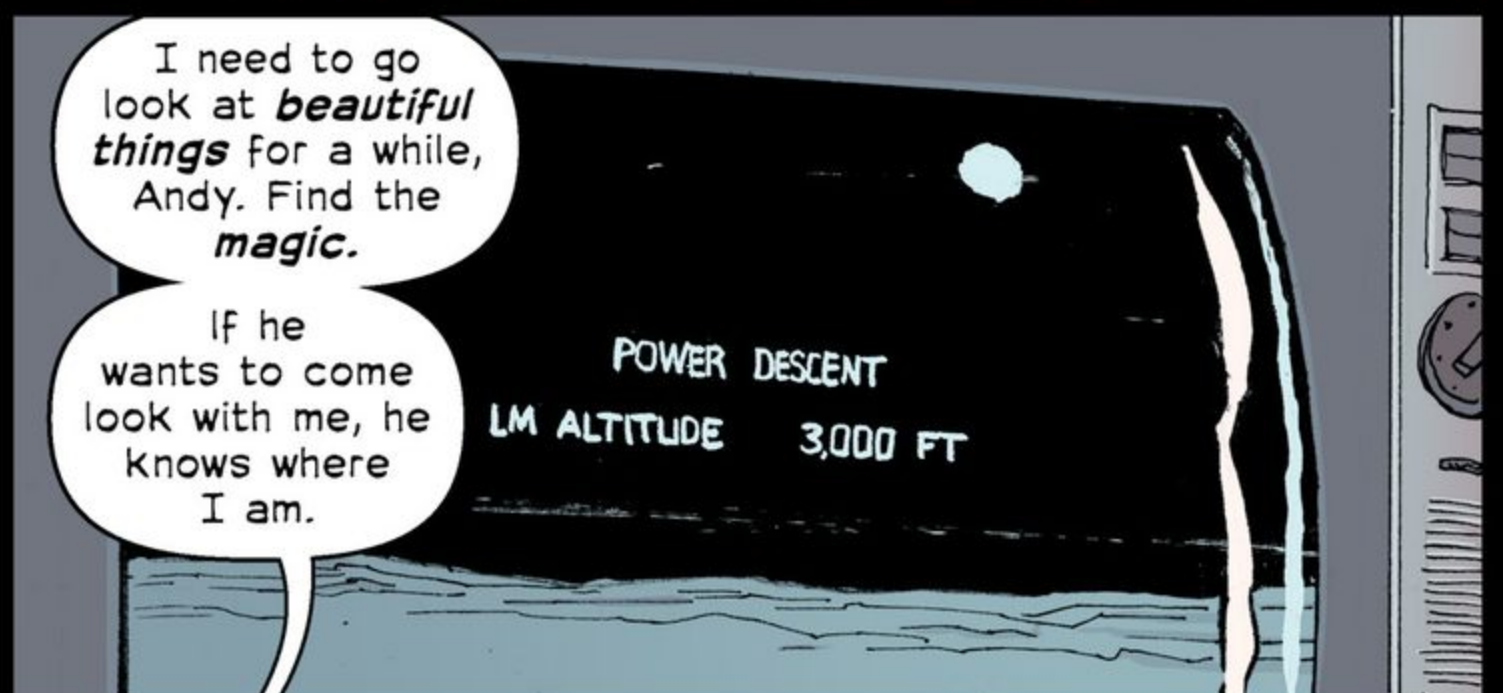


Joe, I'm *not*
doing the *Paris Commune*
crap again. Not another six
years of "Tell the communard
to pass the bullets."

I'll *order* you
both to cut the
shit first.



I'm the one who
won't do it, Andy. No
matter his *intent*, I won't
watch as the world turns
his honor, his bravery,
his *compassion* into
something *ugly.*



I need to go
look at *beautiful
things* for a while,
Andy. Find the
magic.

If he
wants to come
look with me, he
knows where
I am.

POWER DESCENT
LM ALTITUDE 3,000 FT



When a man takes an *oath*, he *pledges* himself before *God* to a higher *standard* than his petty *preferences*.

A *mistake* can be forgiven. A *repudiation* cannot be.

I'm more flexible on oaths, myself. He's *old-fashioned*.

But you closed your *eyes* to the murder of *children*.



EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!





I just don't see the big deal. Not after the Russians got *Gagarin* up. Maybe even before. Kitty Hawk. It's just *refinement*.



Oh, come on, Andy! Ptolemy, Lord Gan, al-Sufi, Galileo, Copernicus, scholars and poets mapping the skies since before even *you* were born, and now, a *culmination*.



Six hundred million people watch as mankind *touches* the heavens. It's a wonder!



Crossing the Atlantic, that was a wonder. *Fifty men* setting out on a ship of *wood*, not *knowing* if they'd drop off the *edge* of the *world*.



C'mon, they *knew* the world was round when they found America!

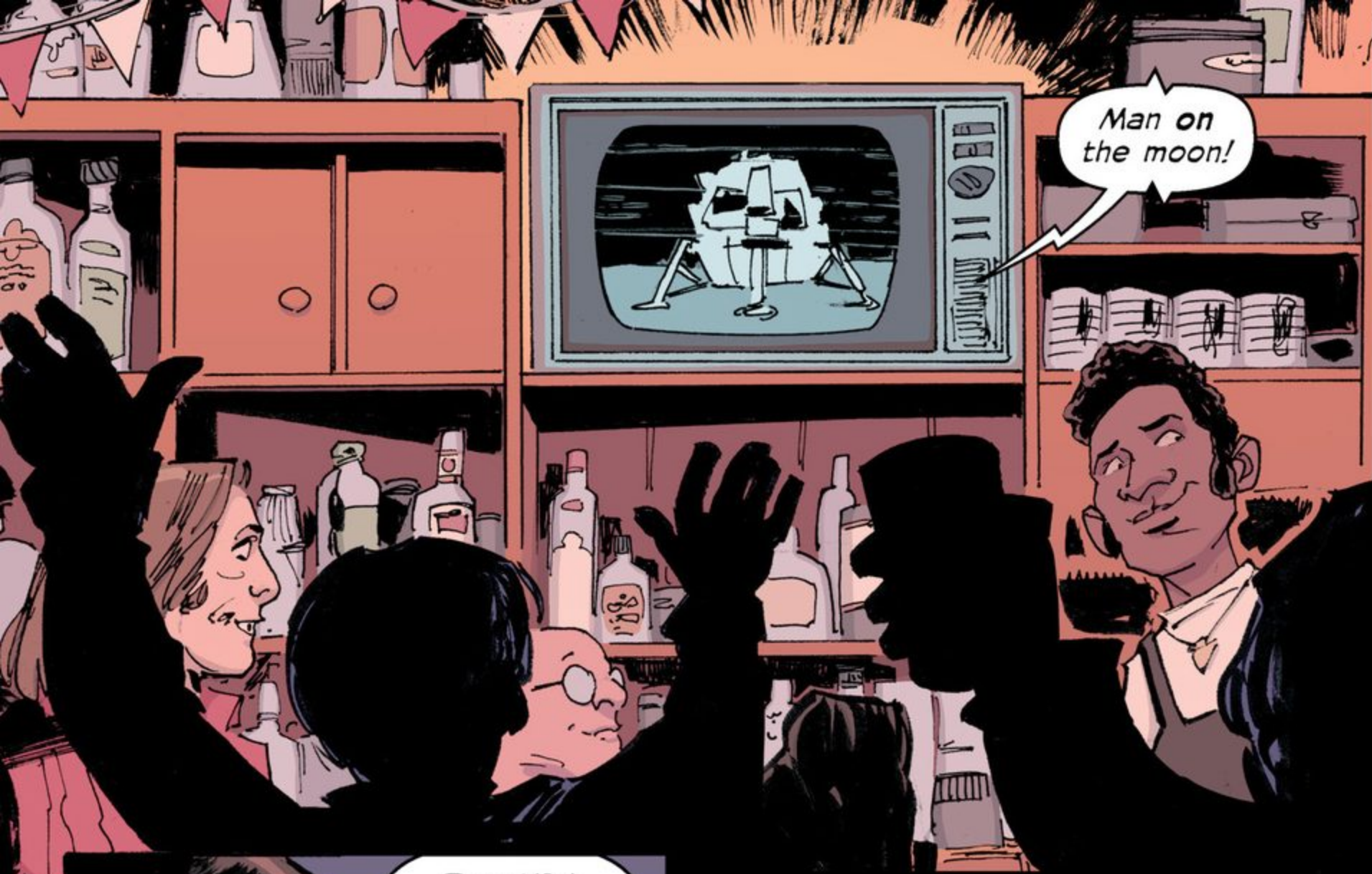
Second time, maybe. Not the *Vikings*.



And what did it all *lead* to? Plunder. Slaughter. Slavery. Genocide. Same old dance, *everywhere* you go.

For its sake, I just hope the *moon* doesn't have *natives*.







“No. No *tomorrow* for *you*.”

VII

“HOW TO MAKE A GHOST TOWN”

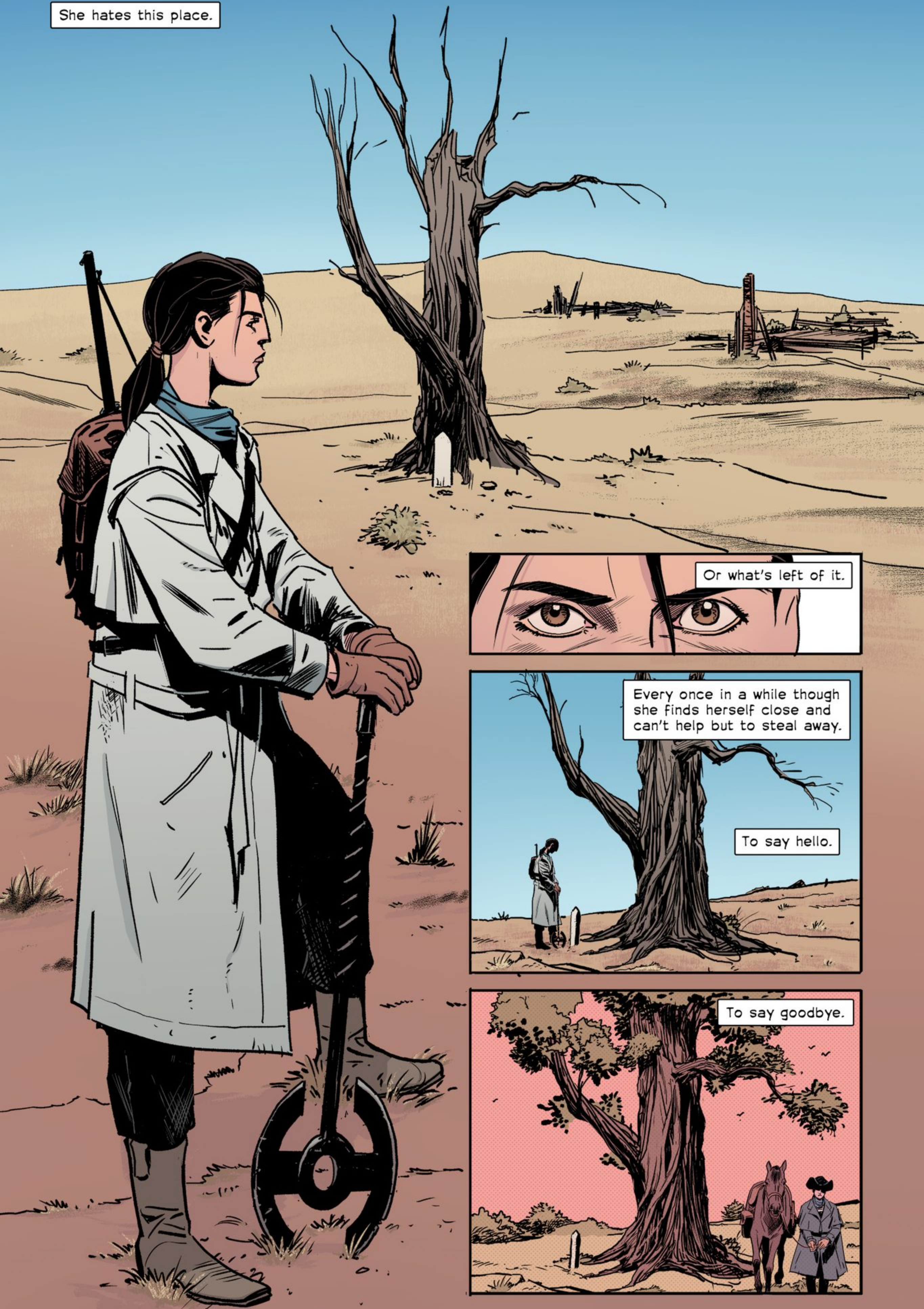


WRITTEN BY MATT FRACTION

ART BY STEVE LIEBER

COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

She hates this place.



Or what's left of it.



Every once in a while though she finds herself close and can't help but to steal away.

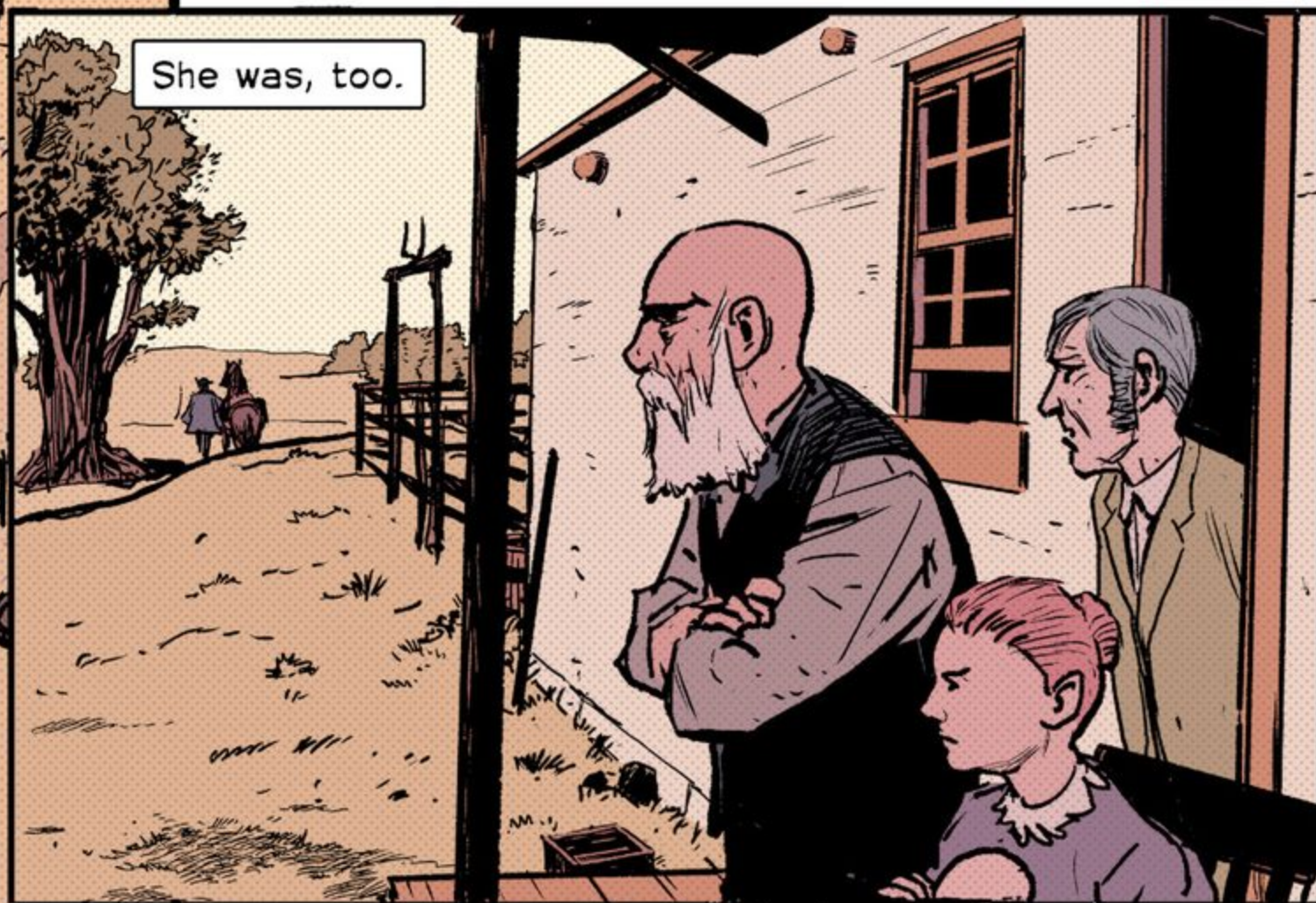
To say hello.



To say goodbye.



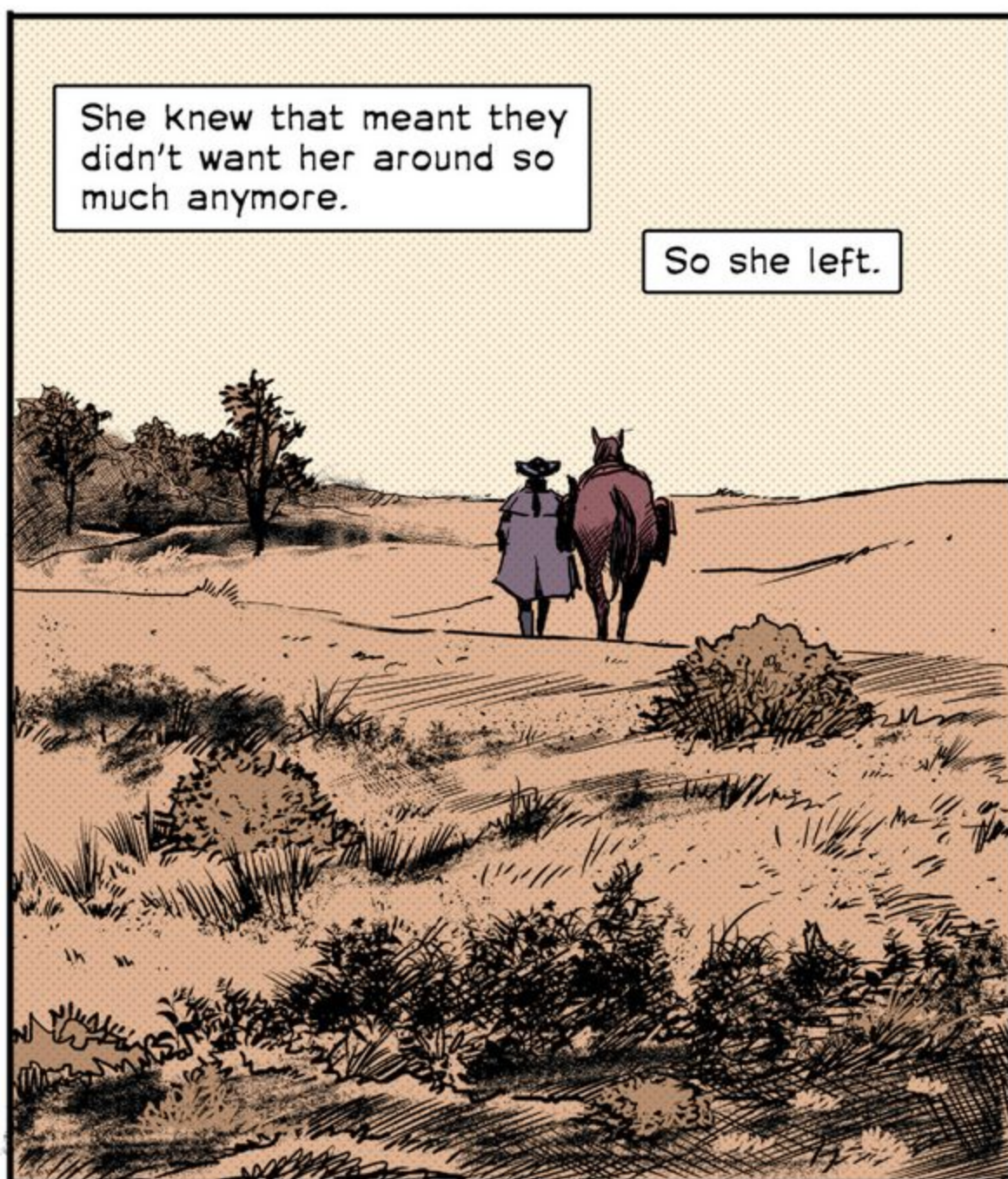
Back when she left it, the town was much more alive.



She was, too.



Came the day folks'd stare and gawk and shut their doors whenever they saw her.



She knew that meant they didn't want her around so much anymore.

So she left.

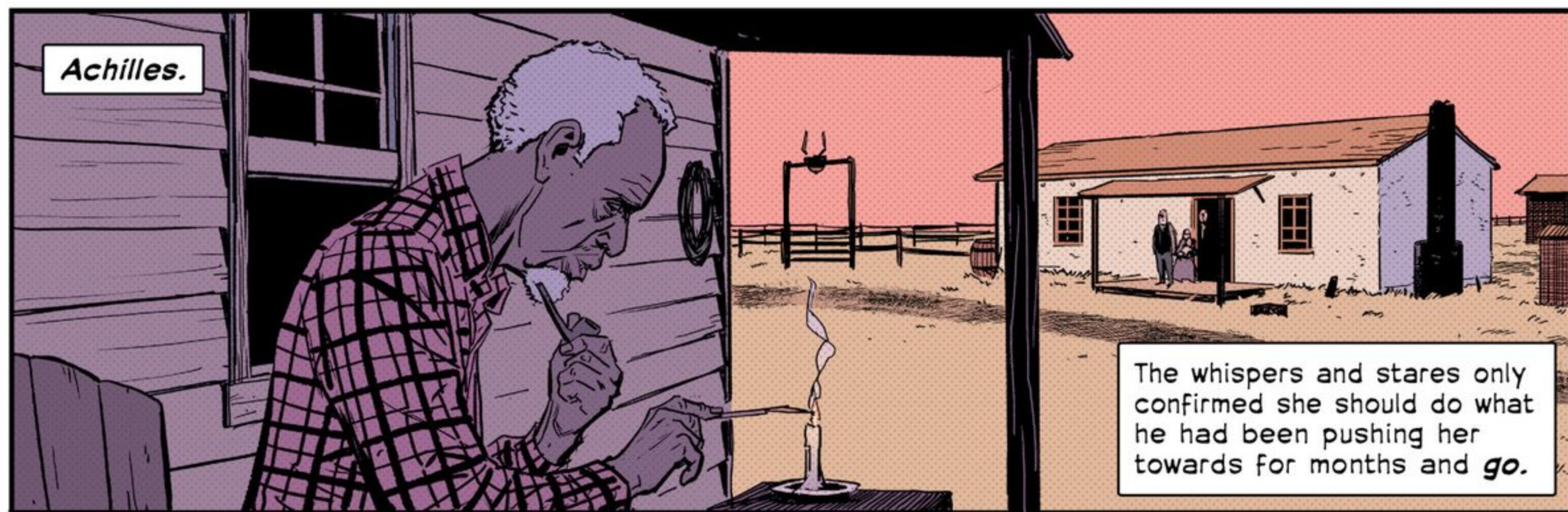


Oh, she didn't care about *them*. And she surely didn't *fear* them.

They didn't matter one way or the other. It wasn't them she was leaving.



It was him.



Achilles.

The whispers and stares only confirmed she should do what he had been pushing her towards for months and *go*.

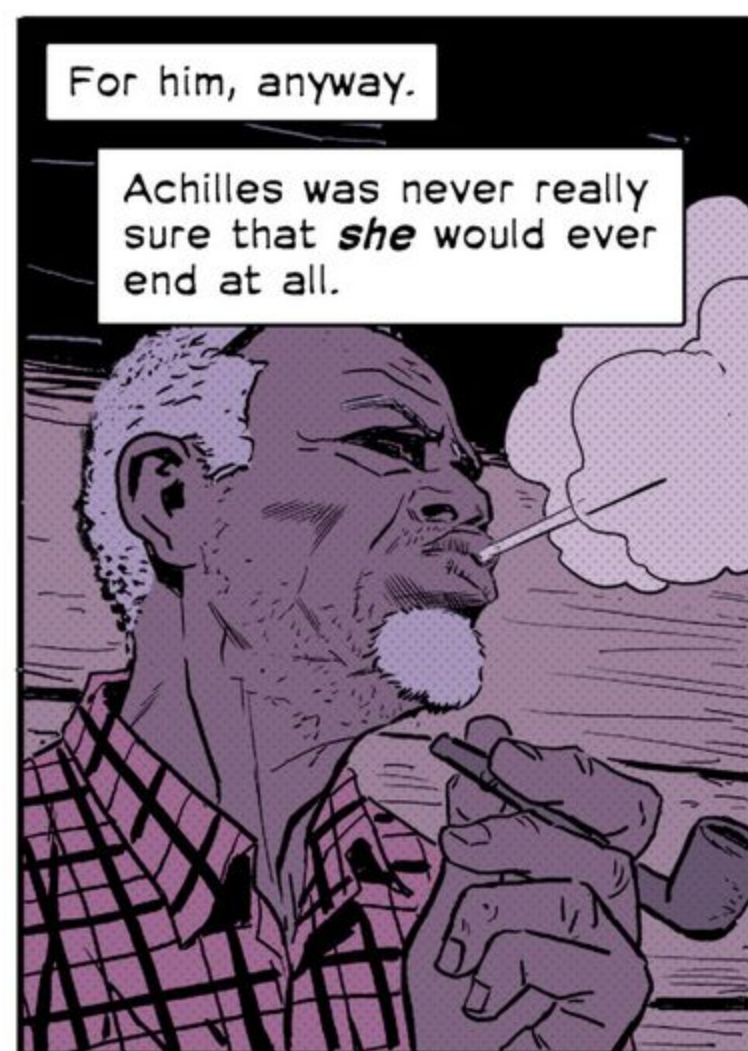


He knew she was bigger than the smallness of men's minds.



In a small town like this, it would all end with pitchforks.

And torches.



For him, anyway.

Achilles was never really sure that *she* would ever end at all.



So better their time together run out in sweetness and silence...

Rather than how it began.

With thunder and blood...



...and the ceaseless mayhem their lives lived outside of the law spread everywhere they rode.



They stole and killed until she insisted they had enough.

She was the one that always had the eye for that kind of thing.



The long game. The big view.

After a while, blood *in* only begets blood *out*, she promised.

She wanted a home.



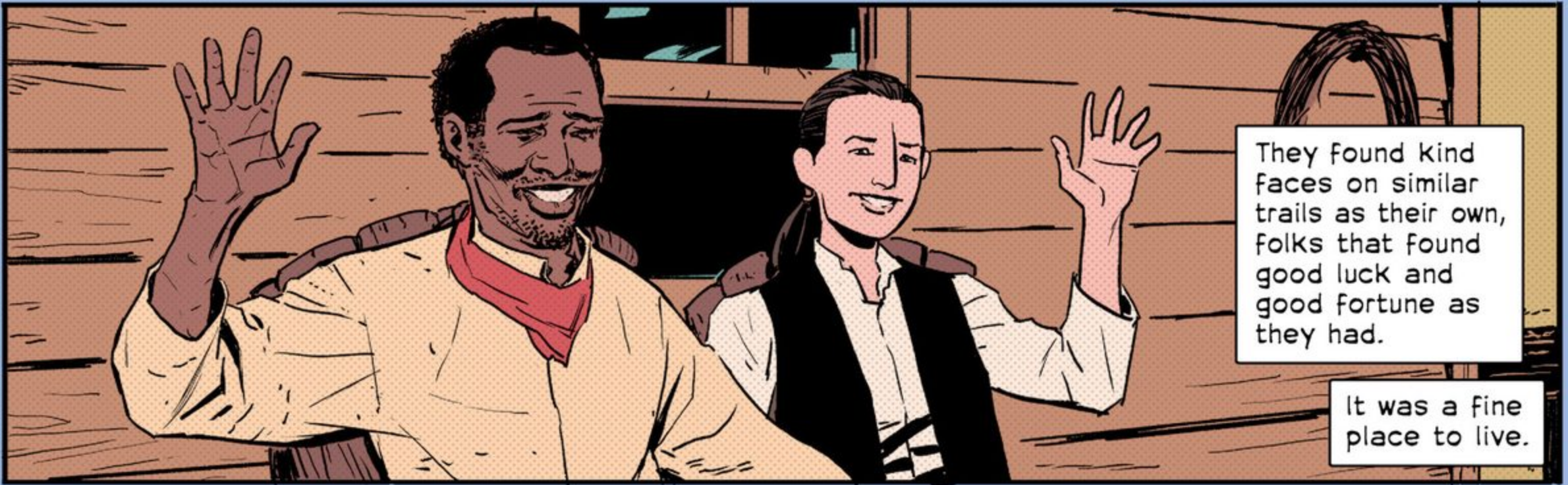
And she didn't want to use her weapon of war to build it.

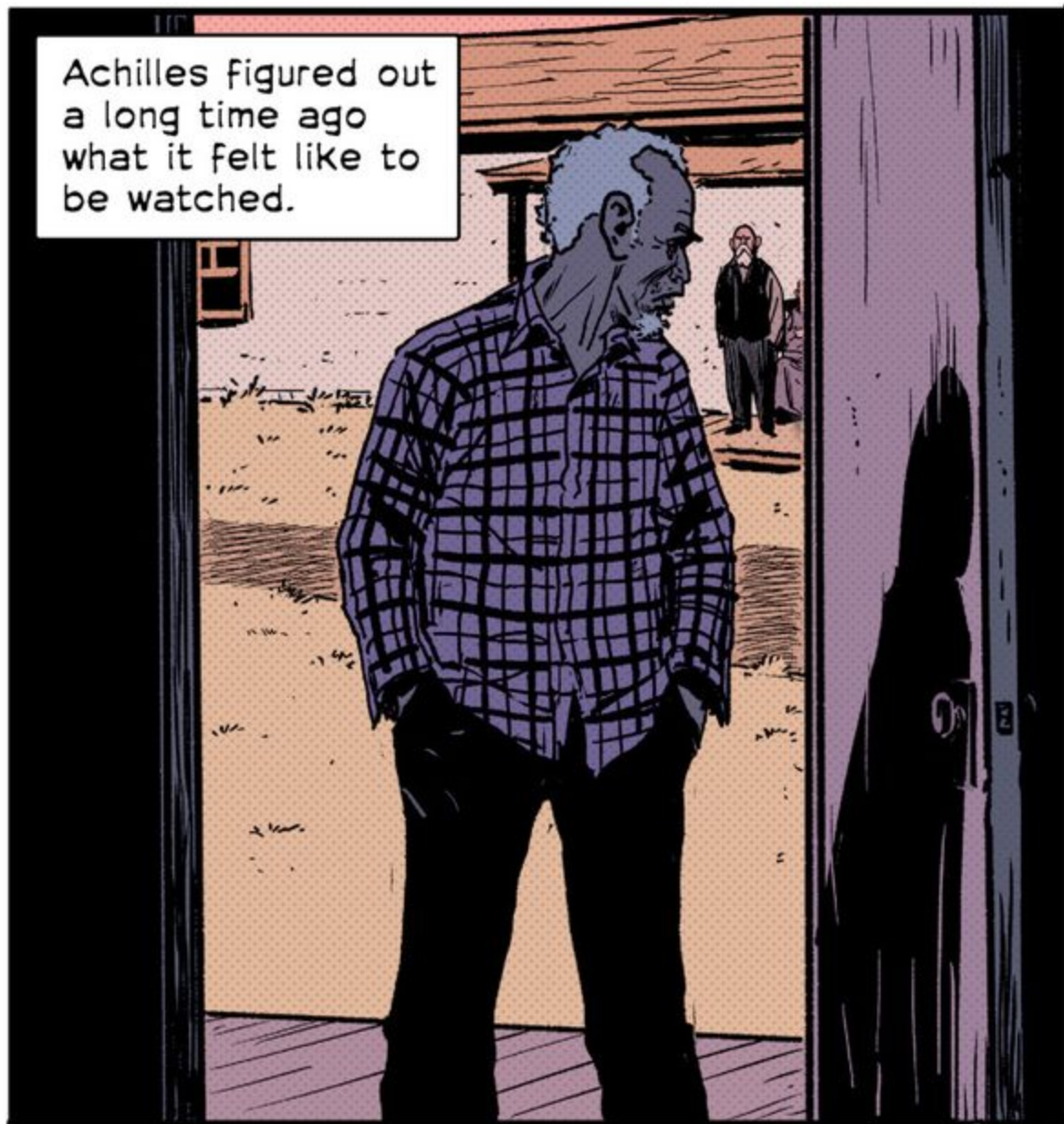
So they buried their bloody pasts...



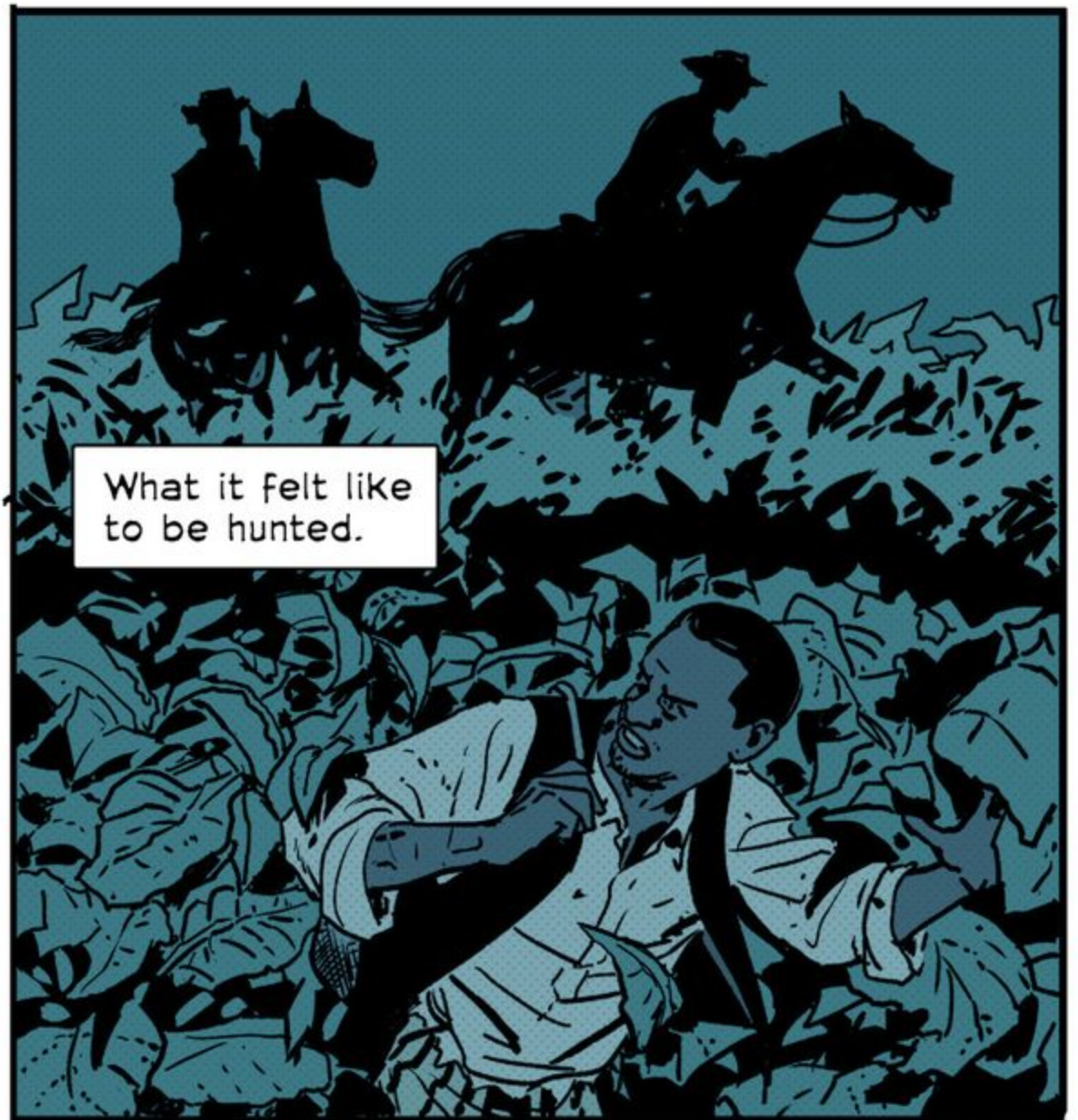
And celebrated finding a future they'd be fortunate enough to carve out together in great silence.

Which they did.

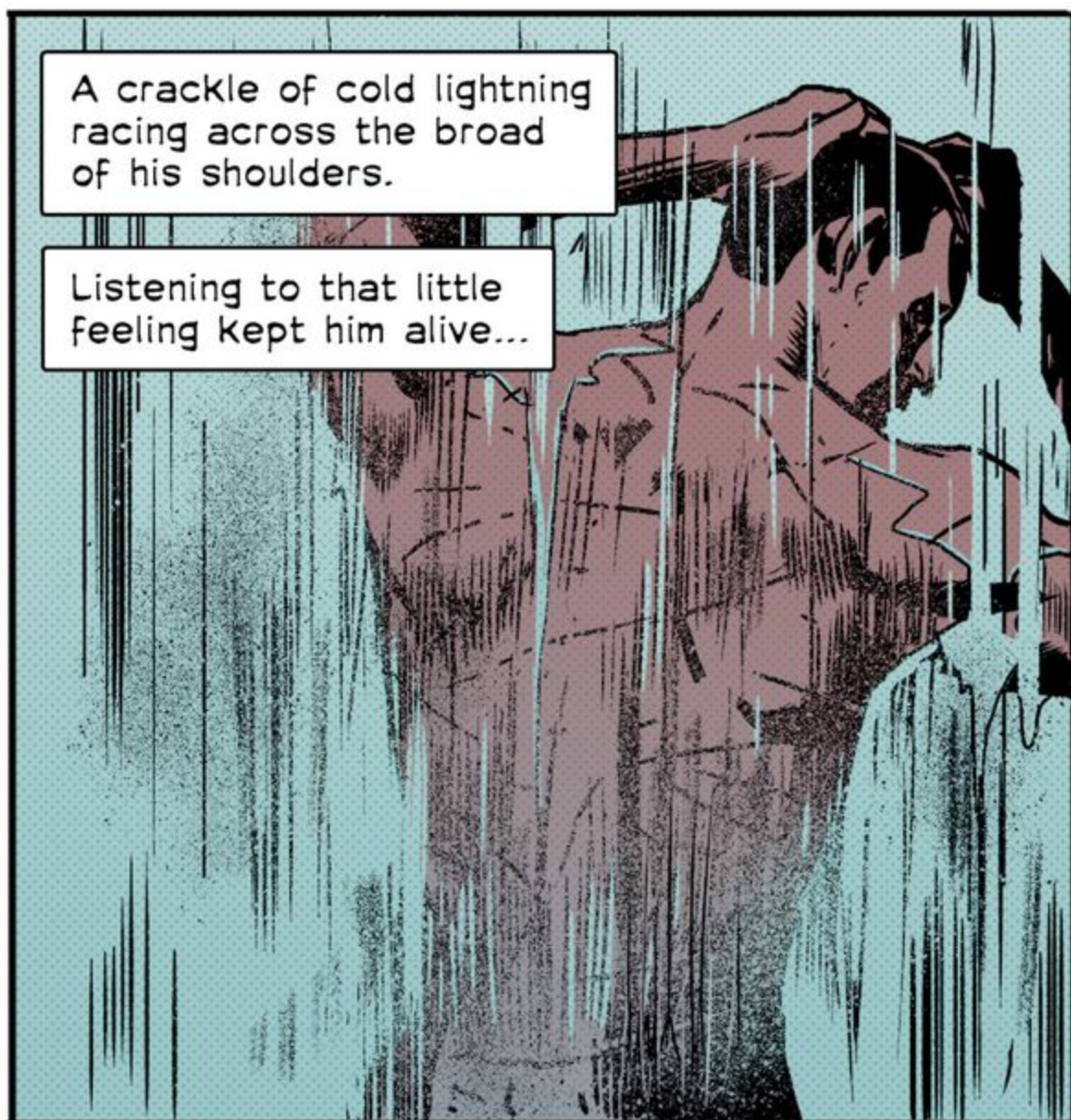




Achilles figured out
a long time ago
what it felt like to
be watched.



What it felt like
to be hunted.



A crackle of cold lightning
racing across the broad
of his shoulders.

Listening to that little
feeling kept him alive...



In all kinds of ways.



So when that old
familiar feeling
crawled over him
one last time...



...he listened.



Small town.

Small minds.

And small, cowardly, two-faced men.



And while *she* may have buried her violent past out on the south forty...



Achilles buried *his* under the bed.

Just in case.



Nothing worse sometimes than being right.

All that was left now was thunder...



...and blood...



...then great silence.





There was fighting to be done in Jamaica. She knew it might be some time before she'd be making it back.

So she broke her promise to him.



She couldn't help herself.

She wanted to see him one last time.



They didn't even have the shame to hide what they'd done.

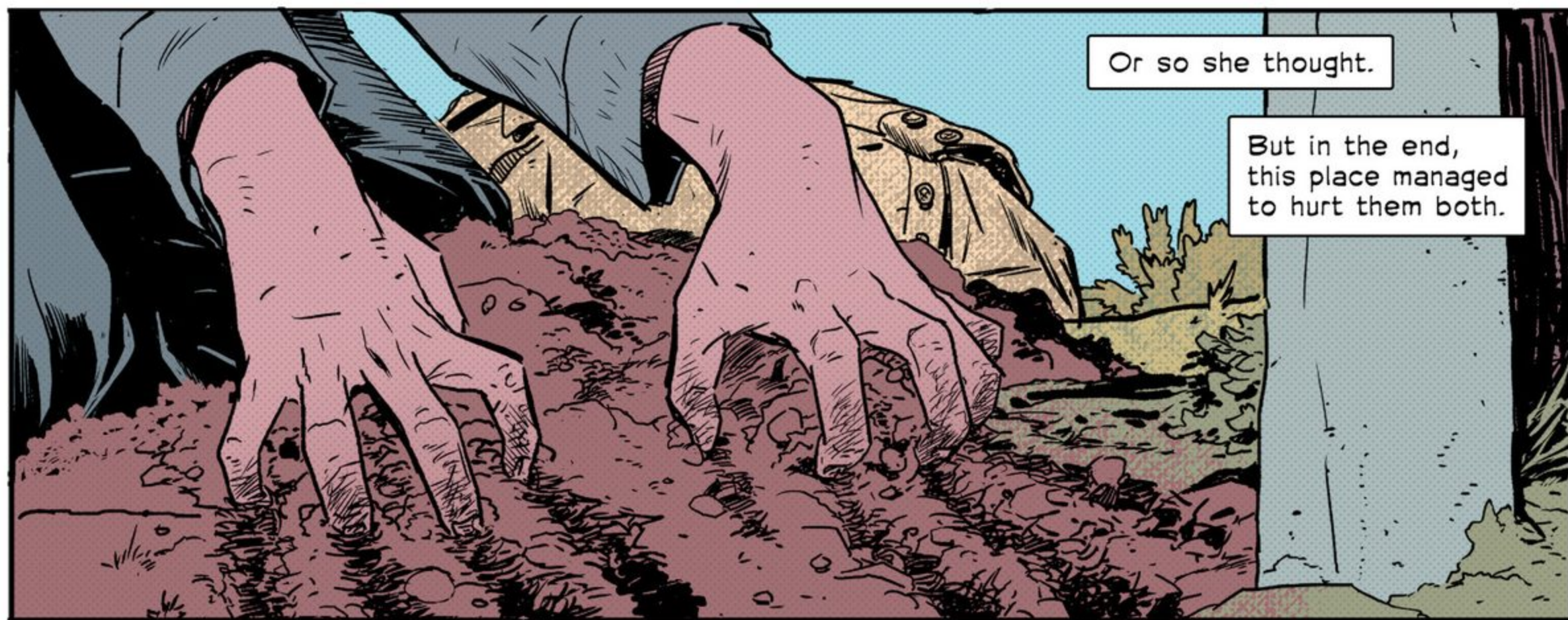
The only reason she let herself leave after all was to keep him safe.

There was nothing any of them could *do* to her, after all...



Or so she thought.

But in the end, this place managed to hurt them both.

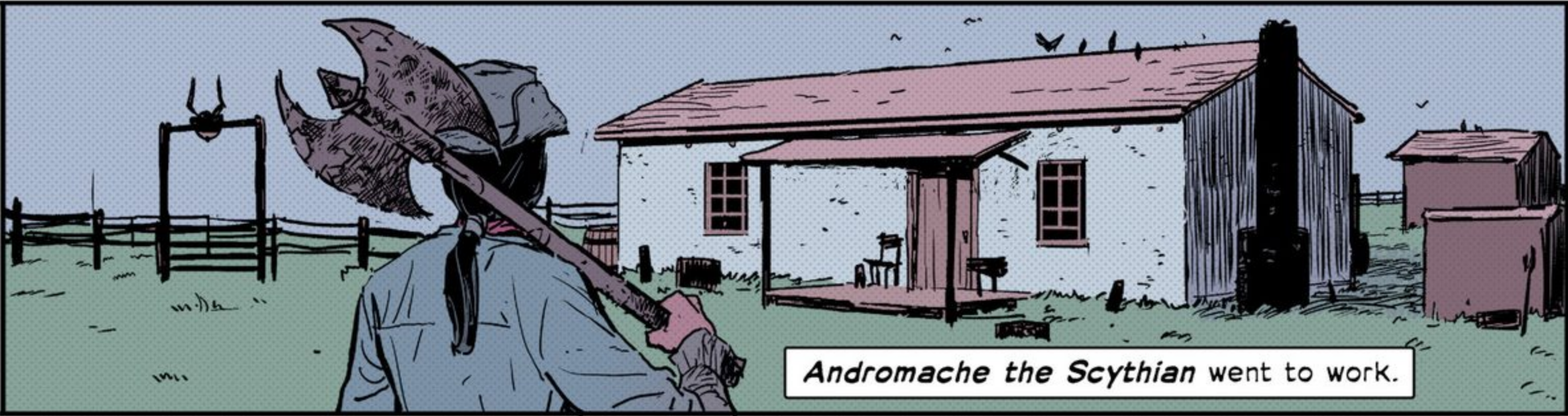
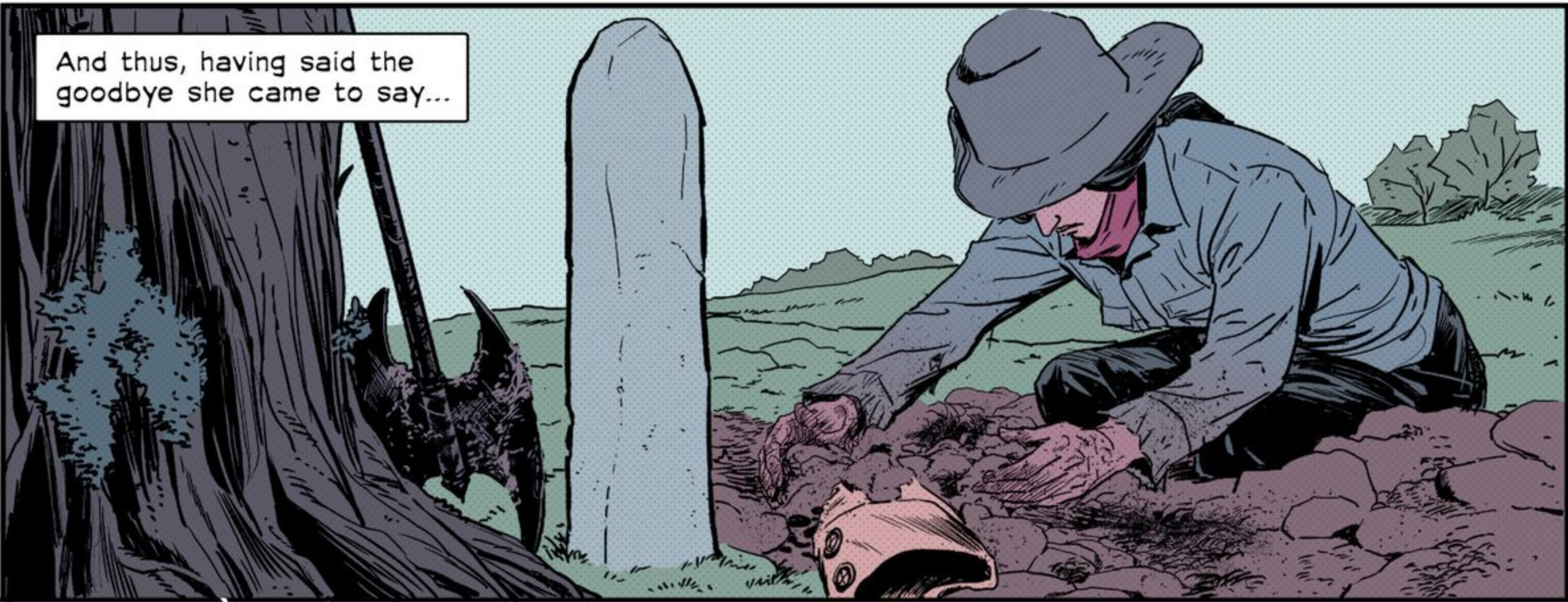


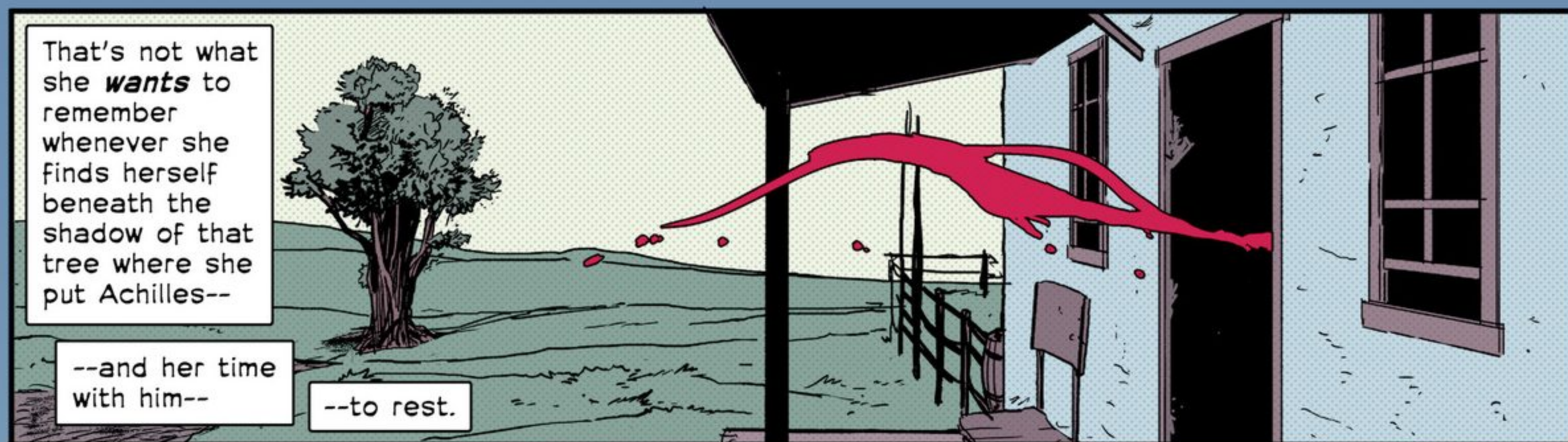
Time hadn't been kind to her labrys. Its edges dulled by rust and neglect.

If the blade didn't shatter on impact, it would make rough, jagged wounds prone to infection and disease.



Good.

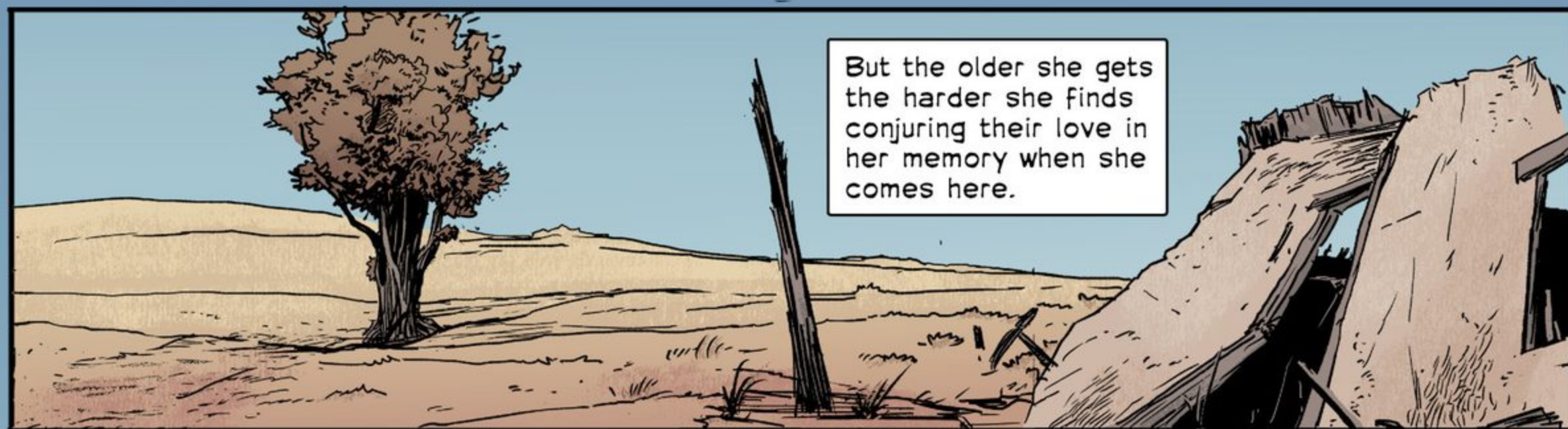




That's not what she *wants* to remember whenever she finds herself beneath the shadow of that tree where she put Achilles--

--and her time with him--

--to rest.



But the older she gets the harder she finds conjuring their love in her memory when she comes here.



All that's left is the hate and rage that destroyed this place.

And *that* will last forever.



How do you make a ghost town?

First, you take a town...

Then fill it with ghosts.



“It would be a fine place to die.”

VIII

“LOVE LETTERS”



WRITTEN BY DAVID F. WALKER
ART BY MATTHEW CLARK
COLORS BY REBECCA GOOD LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

SOUTHERN PENNSYLVANIA. 1863.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.

Then thou, whose shadow
shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's
form form happy show
To the clear day with thy
much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy
shade shines so!

How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do
show thee me.
-William Shakespeare

My Dearest Heart,
Oh, the cruelty of this
war that has taken you
from my arms.

I am lost without you, unable
to find my way in a landscape
of dying bodies and rivers of
flowing blood.

The world makes no sense.
Up is down. Day is night.

I trust that you are safe
from the devils with which
we wage war.

I would remind you that these devils seek
to deny our liberties, and for this reason
I have joined the conflict.

Yet I find myself embroiled
in a different kind of conflict.

It is a conflict of loneliness,
as my heart questions not
what I do, but what I have
sacrificed to do it.



I have given my life to a cause I believe in that carries countless threats.



Every day I die for this cause, only to be reborn.



And with my rebirth I am only more committed to the greater purpose I serve.

Look at this poor, lost soul.

If there was ever a place I would not want to be my final resting place...

...I do believe I'm looking at it now.

Sir, he ain't dead.

Looks like he tussled with the Grim Reaper, but he ain't been called to Glory yet.



Today, I saw the sun rise in the west, mocking me for having lost my way amidst this death and carnage, for without your love as my compass...

...the path before me is uncertain.



You ain't finished writin' your sweetheart yet?

Almost.

It takes so much for a letter to get through, I might as well make sure it's worth the effort.

Gotta say, them bloody clothes you was wearin' day before last made you look much worse off. Still, it looks like you have nary a scratch.

You must've been touched by the hand of God Hissself.

I wouldn't go that far.

Well, I like to think God is watchin' over all of us--making sure we do right by Him and His plans.

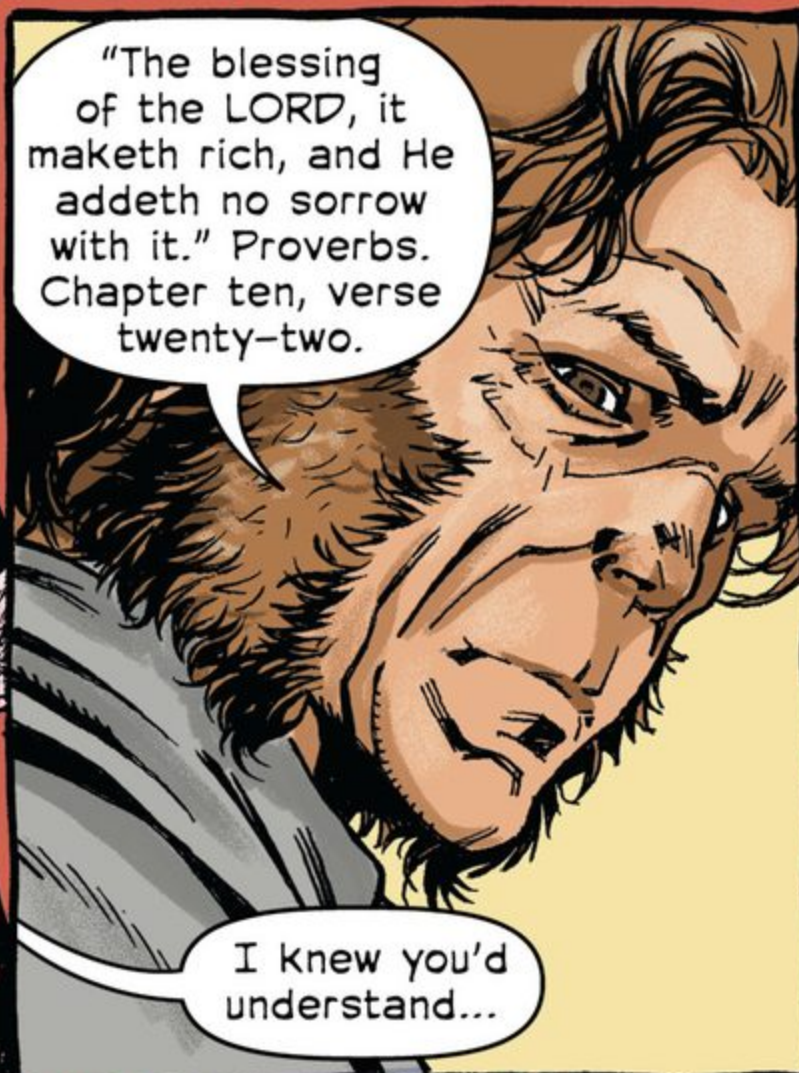
His plans...



"That's why we're out here dyin' and killin'..."



"...the Lord has given us so much, and we gotta protect the gifts He's bestowed."



"...the Lord has given us this world to rule over in His honor. And that rule includes all the lesser animals like dogs and cows and pigs..."



"...and niggers."

"I mean, think about it..."



Tell me, my love...

The sky before me, once so blue, is obscured by ominous grey clouds.

...when you look at the sky, what do you see?

These are the grey clouds of war, threatening to bring a storm of death and misery.





Oh, that I could take shelter from
this storm in your arms, where the
only thunder I hear is the thunder
of your heart.

I know that I will not find
shelter from this terrible
storm, for I am the shelter...

...just as surely
as I am the storm.





Soon enough we will be reunited.

You're all fine...for now.

But you need to get away from here. Quickly.

Before you go, I have a favor to ask.

Until that time, I will persevere in this world that mocks us both...

A favor?

The Confederates are moving to take Pennsylvania. They have to be stopped.

Go to York, south of Harrisburg.

You will find safety with the Quakers, at the Friends Meeting House.

When you arrive, deliver this to a man named Joseph.

Tell him... tell him that I will see him soon.

...a world in which every day without you is a day I die.

-Your Truest Love, N

My Love,
I am weary and in need of rest.



The nightmares that haunt
my sleep have taken to
dancing before my open eyes.



The world remains upside
down, just as the sun, lost
and confused, once again
rises in the west.

The light of the sun remains hidden
by the most grey of clouds.

Well,
I'll be
damned.

I think
he's alive.

But I recall your wise words, telling me that
though the sun may be hidden from sight...

Don't
worry, friend.
We'll get you
fixed up real
good.

No need
to fret none, you're
with friends.

...we can always take comfort knowing
that it is there, and it is only a matter
of time before it reveals itself, and
burns away the clouds.



IX

“AN OLD SOUL”

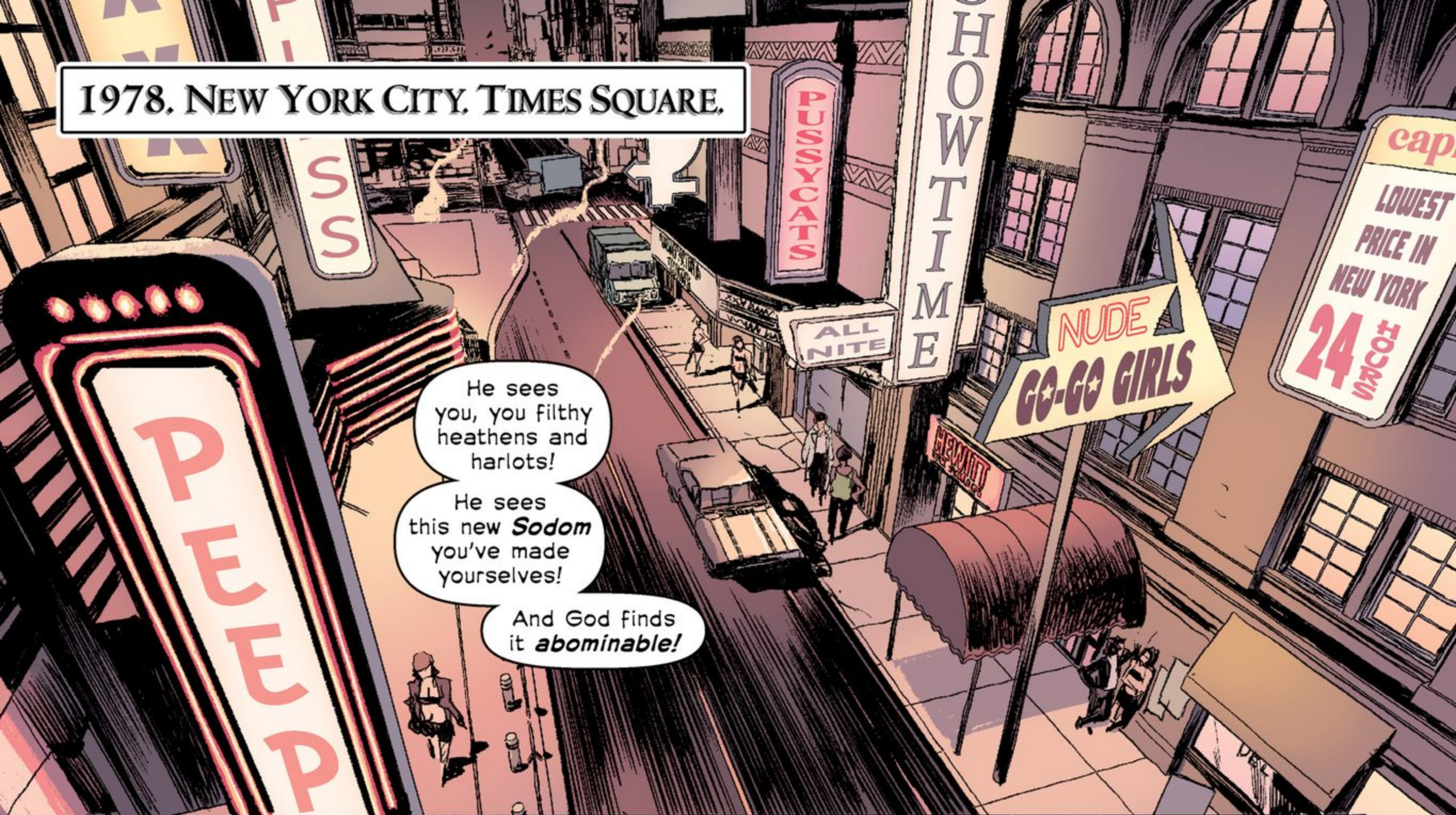


WRITTEN BY JASON AARON

ART BY RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

1978. NEW YORK CITY. TIMES SQUARE.



He sees
you, you filthy
heathens and
harlots!

He sees
this new *Sodom*
you've made
yourselves!

And God finds
it *abominable*!



God sees
you lying with
strange flesh and
perverting your
bodies like the
beasts of the
field!

He sees you
spilling your seed
at the altar of
pornography!



He sees you
poisoning yourself with
the fruits of Hell!

But even the worst
sinners can be saved! Put
aside the devil's wine, before
it's too late, and come drink
of the blood of Christ!

You there,
sinner, aren't
you afraid to *die*,
unredeemed?!



Never much
bothered me
before.

But what
the hell, I'll try
a swig of that
blood.



There is no question. These streets are the living, fornicating proof that the *end times* have come.

And the forces of Hell are winning the war.



In this battle, hymns and halleluiahs will not save us.

We are the Sisters of the Thorns and we believe in going forth into the world as *soldiers* of Christ, with *Father God* in our hearts.



And *Mother Carbine* in our hands.

Can I get an amen?



Haa!



Inquisitions
never change much,
do they?

Welcome,
brother sinner. Has
the Lord brought you
here to unburden
yourself?



Two-dollar
vodka brought
me here.

And I *already*
unburdened myself, not
five minutes ago, with a
lovely one-legged whore
in an alley across
the street.

You...are
a *foul* little man,
aren't you?



That's the first
true thing you've said
since I staggered in
here, sister.

Oui, my love, I
can be plenty foul from
time to time. I've had
years of practice.

But I'd rather
be foul than a *fool*.
And that's all that
you lot are.



After living so long like
an *animal*, it can be hard to
throw off the leash of Satan,
I know. But the hand of
God can lead the way.

See?
Just like I said.
Fools.

There's
no God, lady. No
Yahweh, no Buddha, no
any-fucking-thing.

You don't
believe me?
Here...



I'll show
you some
goddamn
proof.





But I
sure haven't
made it
yet.

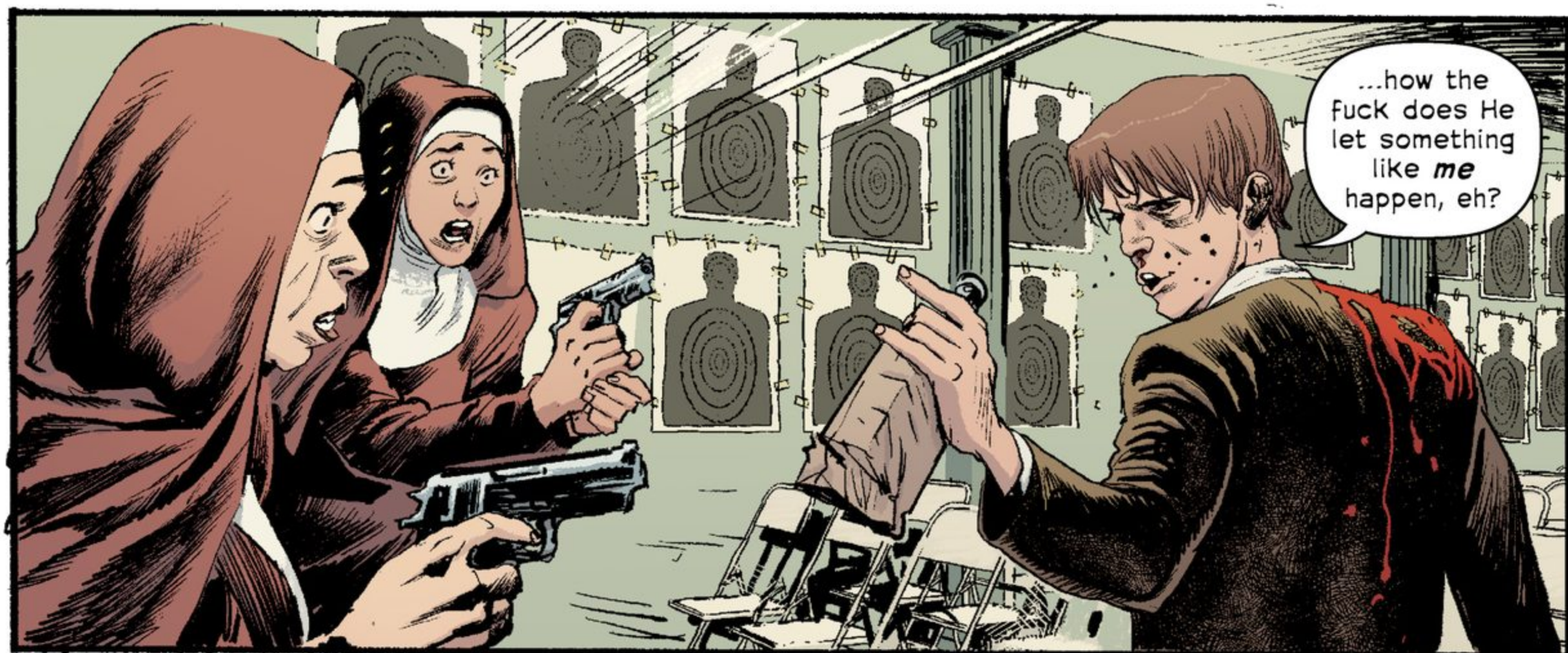


Now...
what were we
talking about
before?

Mary,
mother of
God...

Oh, right.
God.

So tell me,
sisters...if the
son of a bitch
really does
exist...



...how the
fuck does He
let something
like *me*
happen, eh?



Take your
time.

I got
nowhere else
to be.

THREE MONTHS LATER, GUYANA.



"She's a *demon* from Hell!"









Oh, you're fucking kidding me.



They don't know if I'm a devil or an angel, but they're convinced I'm proof that Armageddon is here and they can use my...my bodily fluids to--

Stop talking!



Do you have any idea what I've been through to track you here?!

To *rescue* you?!

But what if I maybe don't *need* to be...

Shut the fuck up!



You're getting rescued whether you like it or not!



Andy...

Do you believe in God?

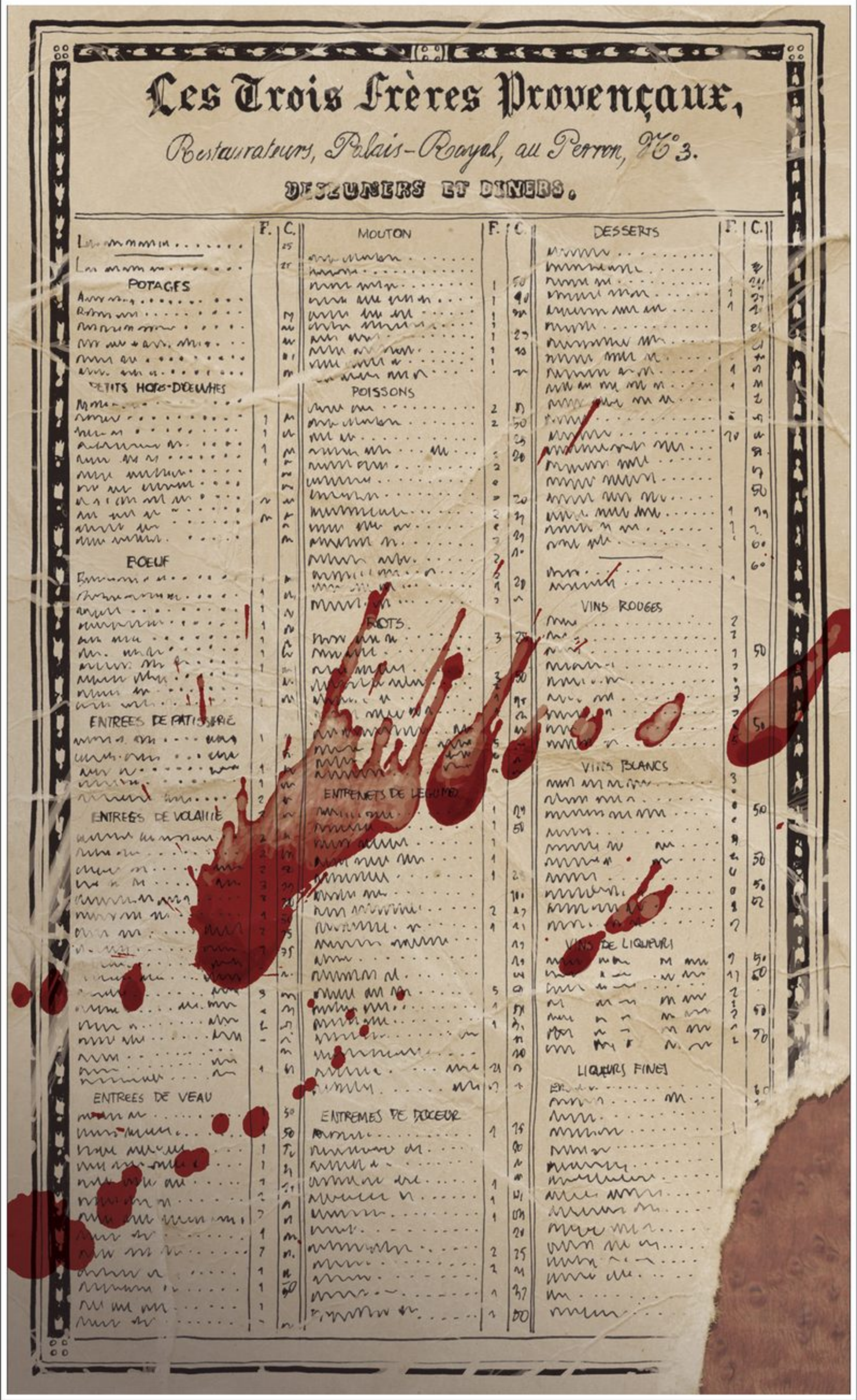


"And I've sure never seen any gods."



X

“NEVER GETS OLD”



WRITTEN BY ALEJANDRO ARBONA

ART BY KANO

COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE



Alms, sir?

No, this dessert is for the coachman! *C'est la tradition.*

Hurry and get in.



A few centimes for the poor?

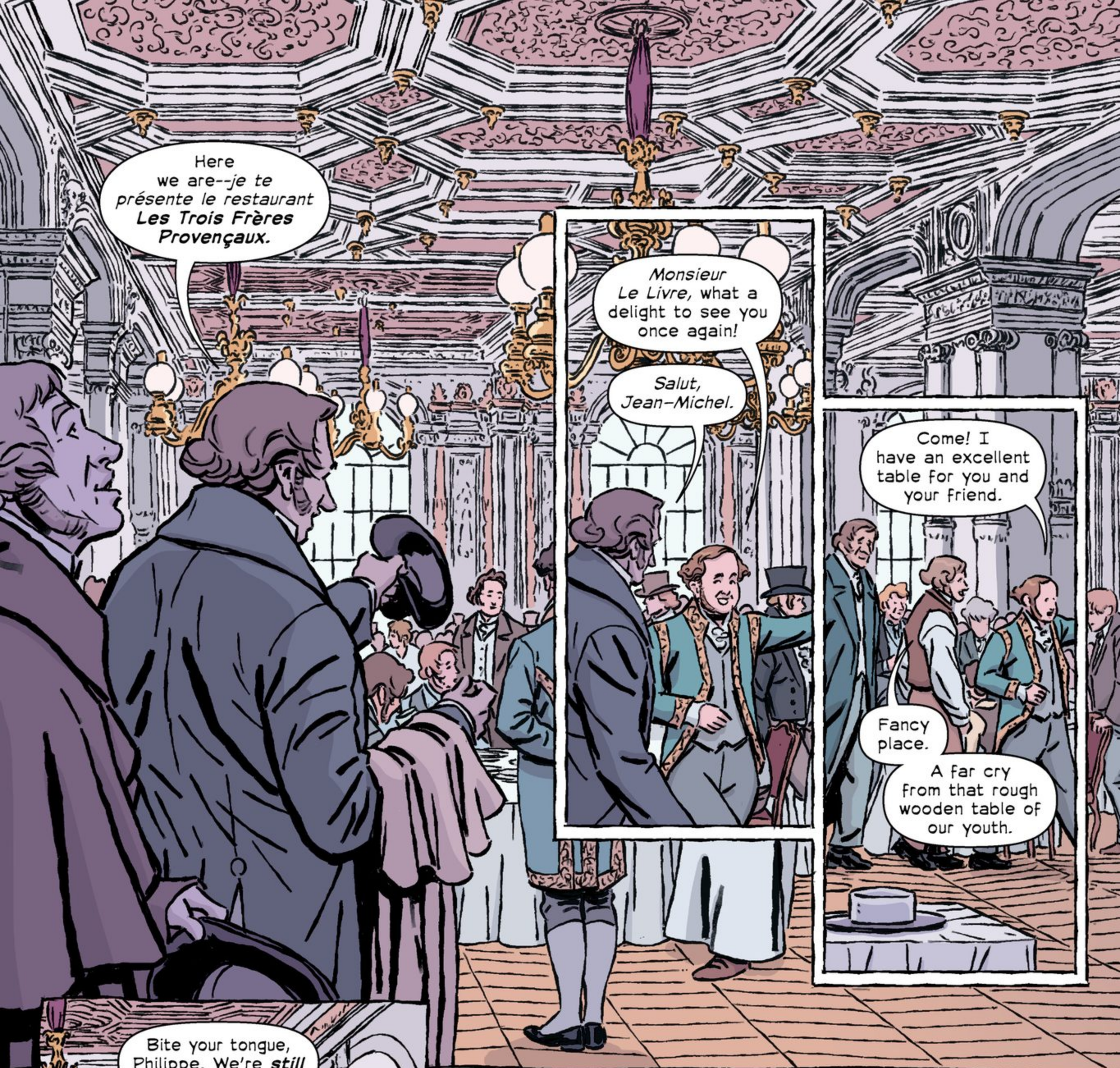
Oof, I haven't a penny, my friend!

This is the place.



Voilà, monsieur. Get something to eat.

You see, dinner is on him tonight, non?



Here
we are--je te
présente le restaurant
*Les Trois Frères
Provençaux.*

*Monsieur
Le Livre*, what a
delight to see you
once again!

Salut,
Jean-Michel.

Come! I
have an excellent
table for you and
your friend.

Fancy
place.

A far cry
from that rough
wooden table of
our youth.



Bite your tongue,
Philippe. We're *still*
in our youth.

Old
man, you
wish.

Well, maturing
does have its advantages.
We could never afford
anything like this place
before.

Messieurs,
un *apéritif*?

I think
two vermouths,
thank you.

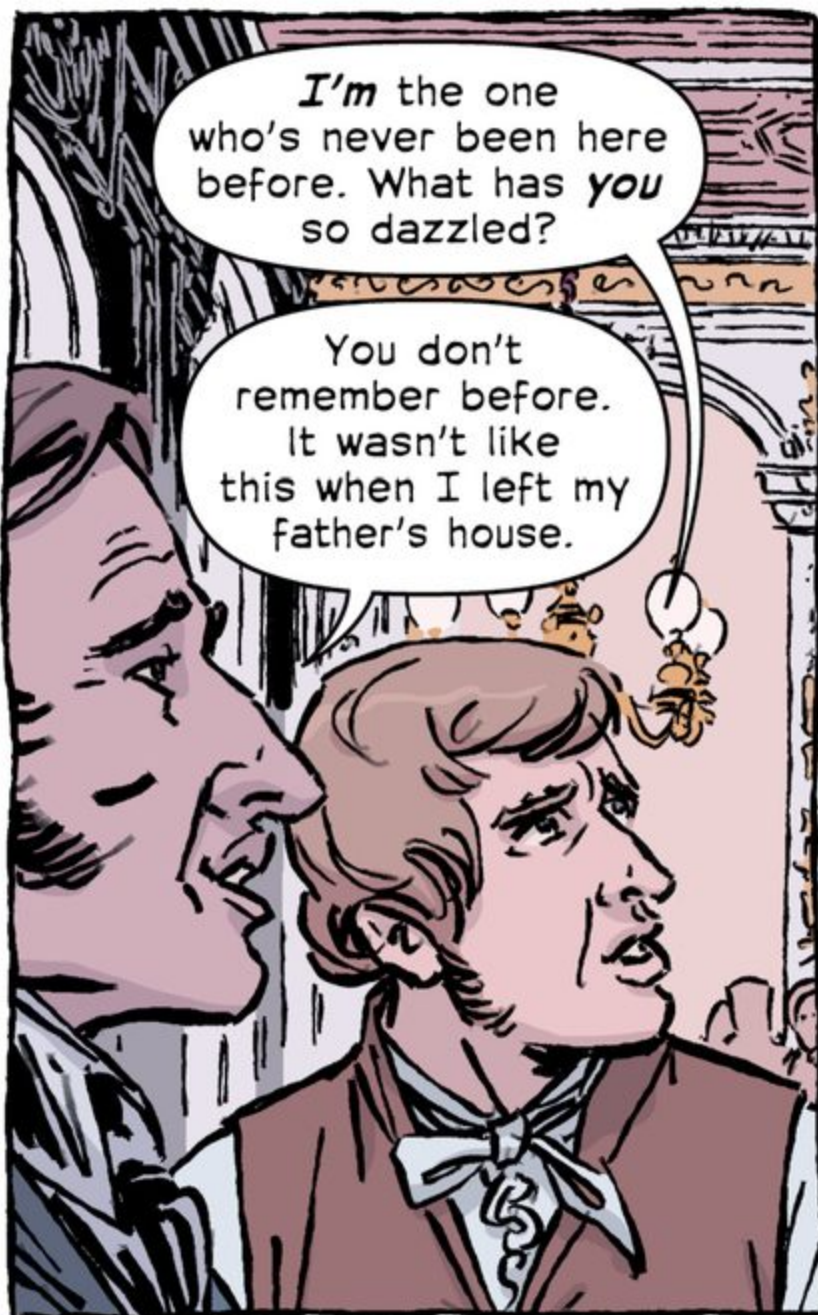




Mon Dieu--just look at this place.

I do have eyes.

And ears, and a nose! It overwhelms the senses!



I'm the one who's never been here before. What has *you* so dazzled?

You don't remember before. It wasn't like this when I left my father's house.



I had been on the road since dawn--*on foot*, mind you, in the mud, toes numb, not a human face for miles.

I'd finally come to a village and I went straight to the inn, *ravenous*.



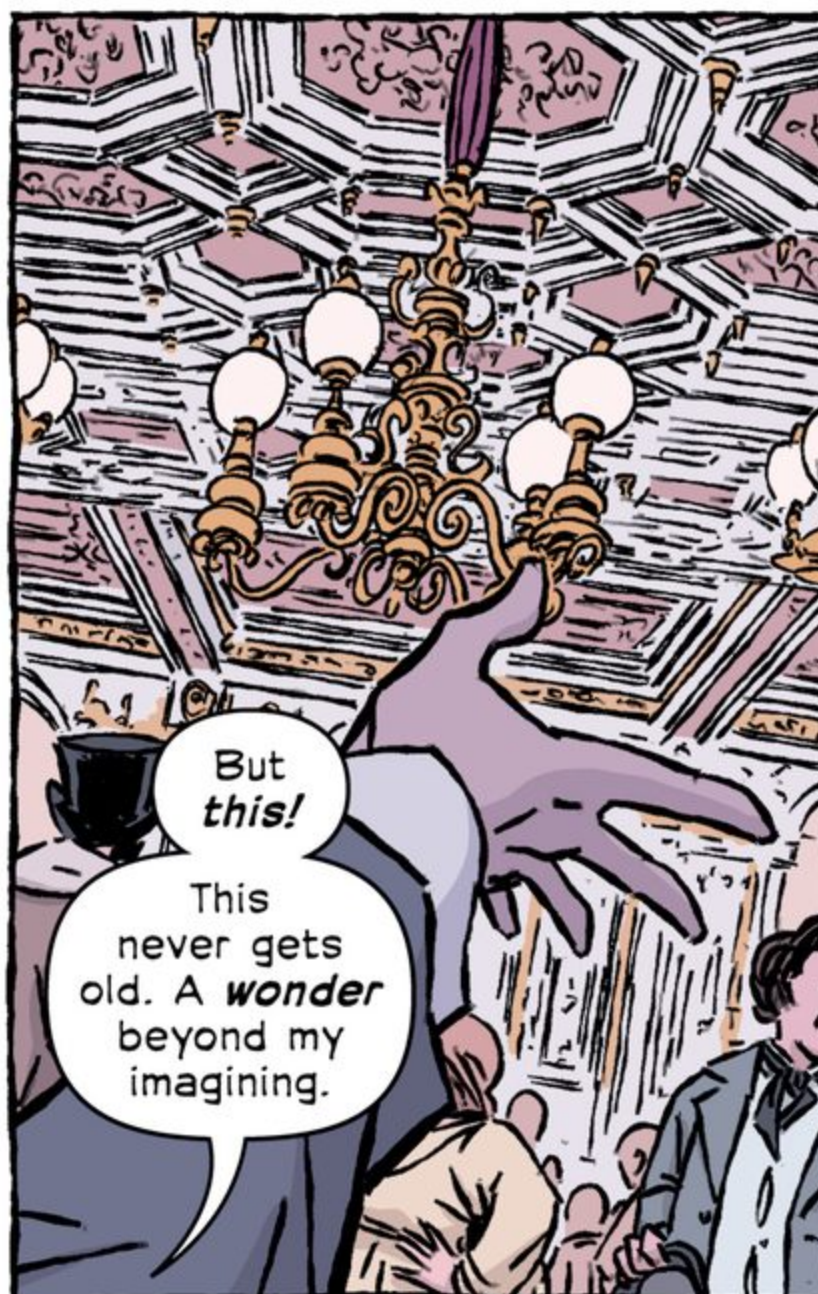
Table d'hôte, oui? Pay your coin, sit at the big table with everyone, eat whatever onion soup or hunk of meat and potato they put down.

I must have been twenty years old before I tasted a *béchamel* or a *lyonnaise* or a sauce of *any* kind.



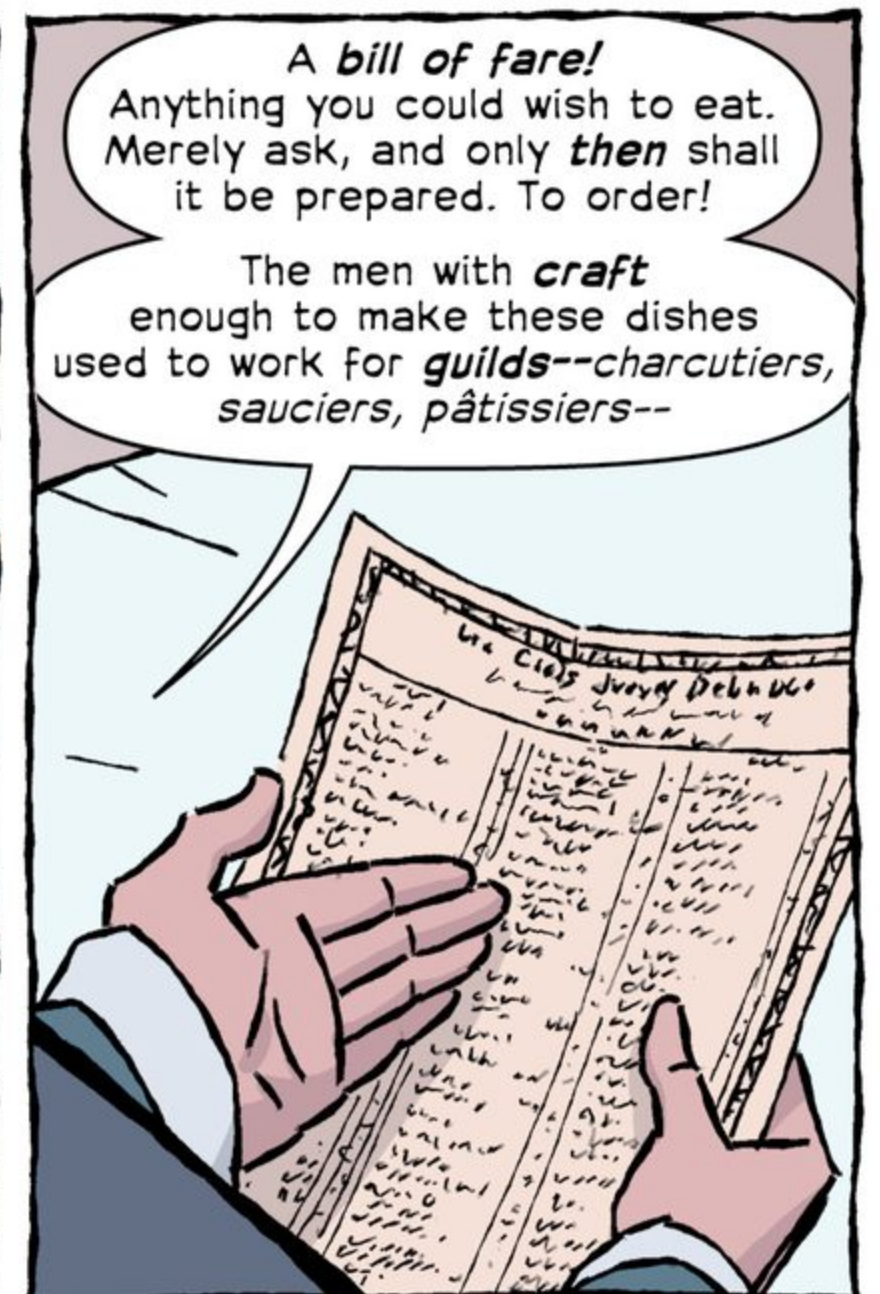
I was a few minutes late that day. The table was full, the lunch was already served.

Back to the road for me.



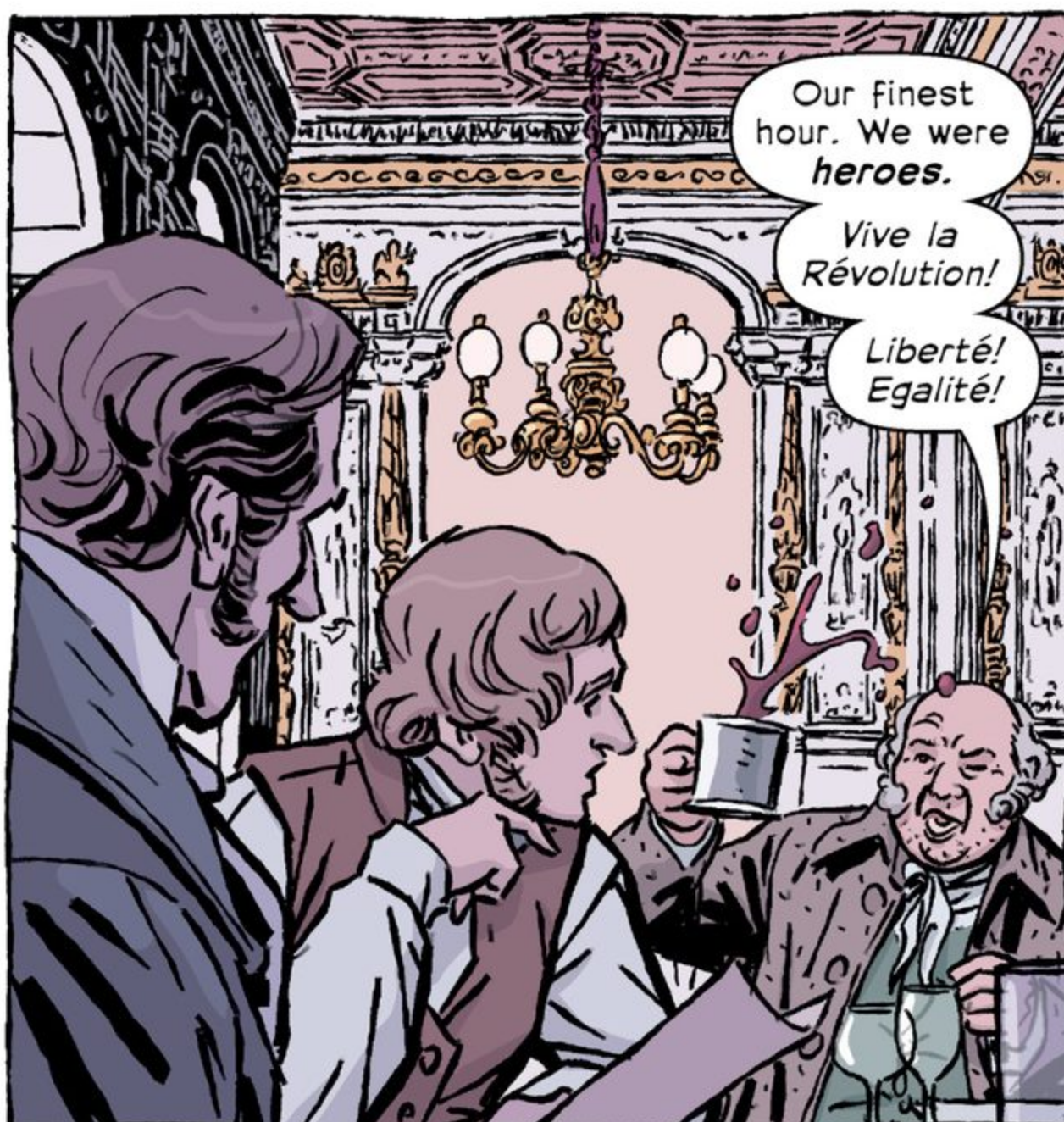
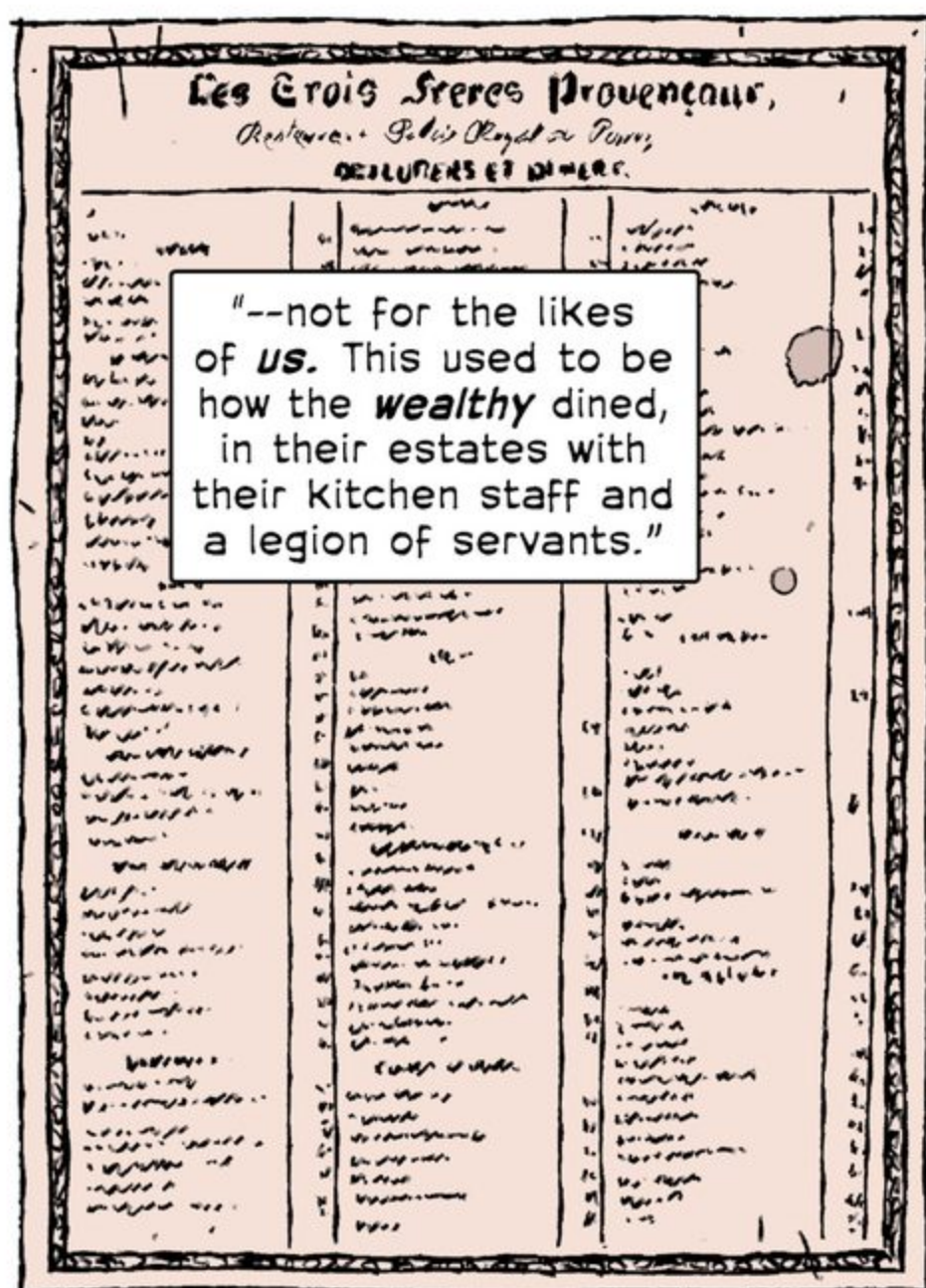
But *this!*

This never gets old. A *wonder* beyond my imagining.



A bill of fare! Anything you could wish to eat. Merely ask, and only *then* shall it be prepared. To order!

The men with *craft* enough to make these dishes used to work for *guilds*--*charcutiers, sauciers, pâtissiers*--





Bien sur!
The ingenuity
of places like
this!

"Restaurants!"

But this
is nothing *new*.
Restaurants have
existed all my life.
This one must be
older than
I am.



Garçon!

SNAP



When did
this place
open?

We were
founded in 1786,
monsieur. A favorite
of Napoléon's, in
his time!



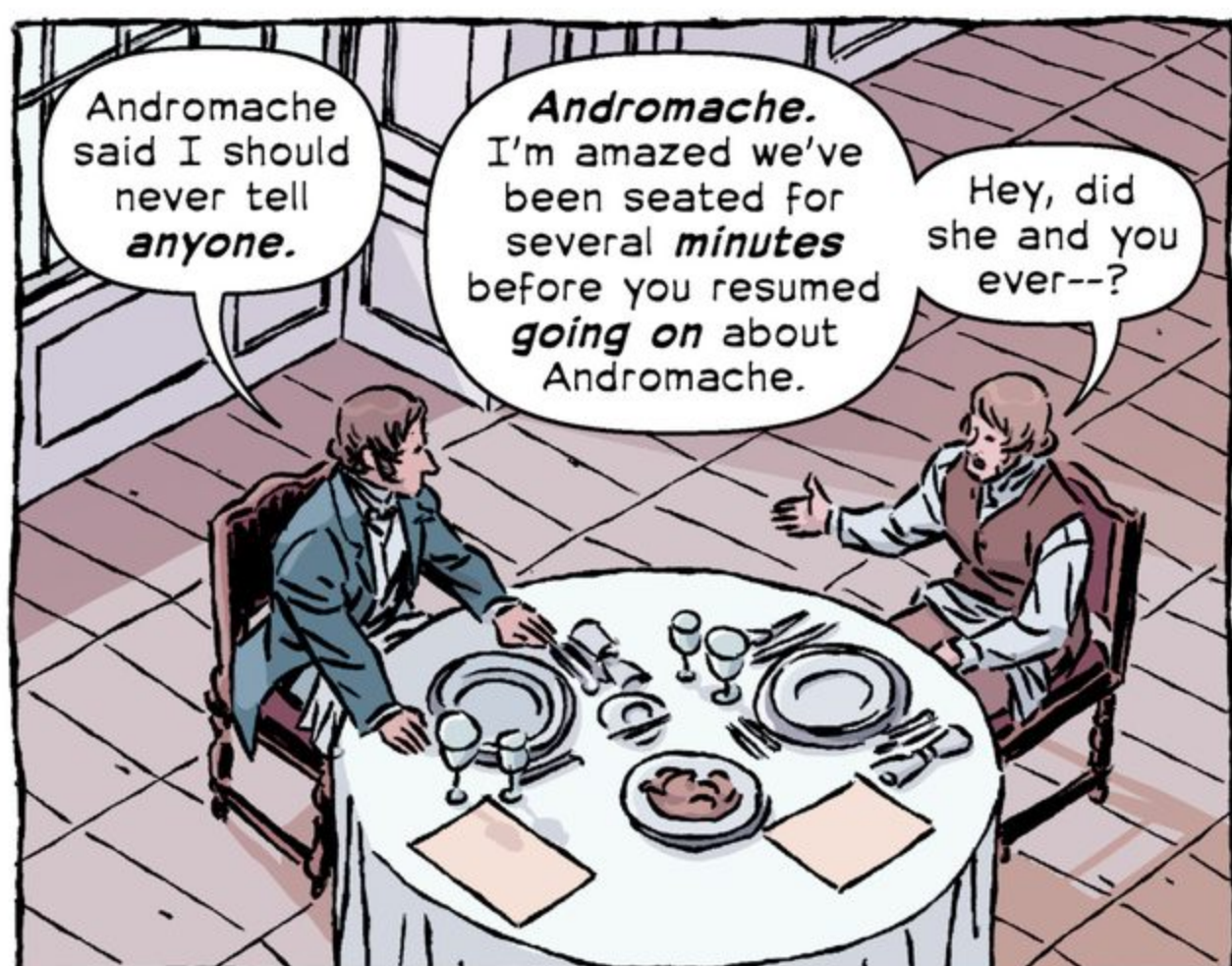
Did you ever
come here with
Napoléon?!



Sssshhhh!

Don't be
foolish.

Well--a
thousand pardons,
old man.



Andromache
said I should
never tell
anyone.

Andromache.
I'm amazed we've
been seated for
several *minutes*
before you resumed
going on about
Andromache.

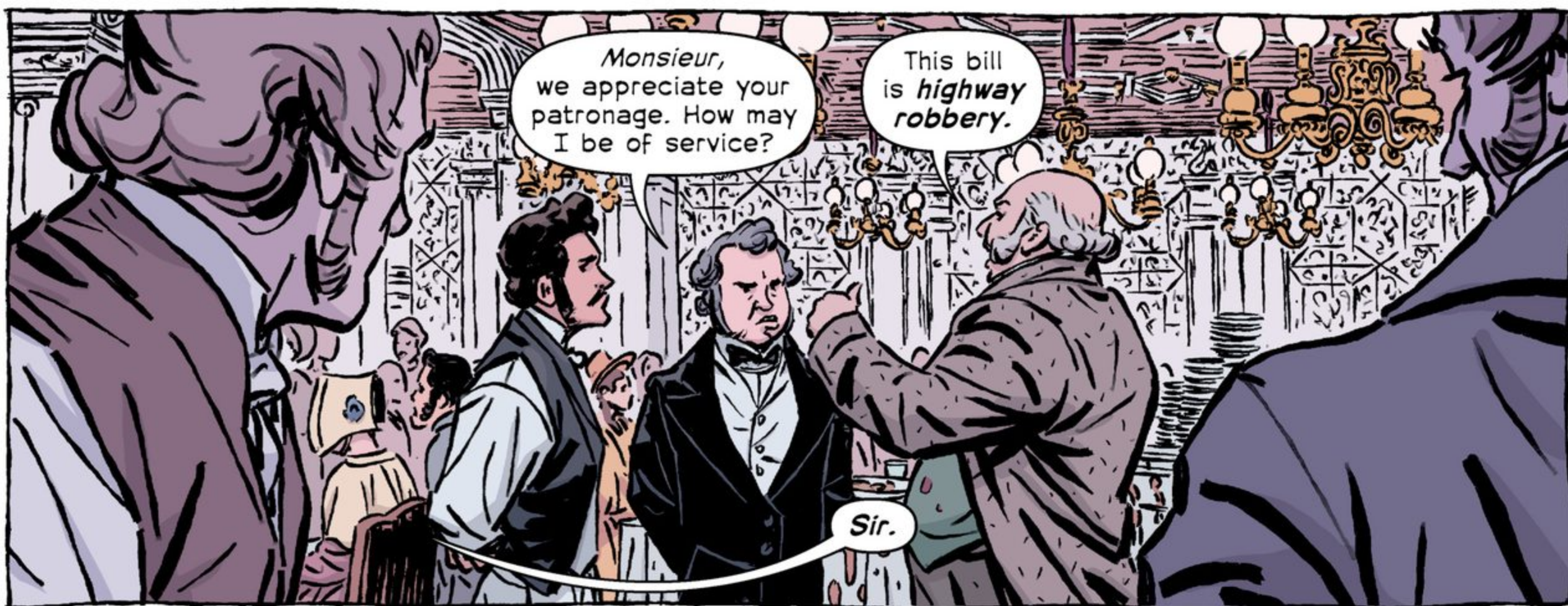
Hey, did
she and you
ever--?



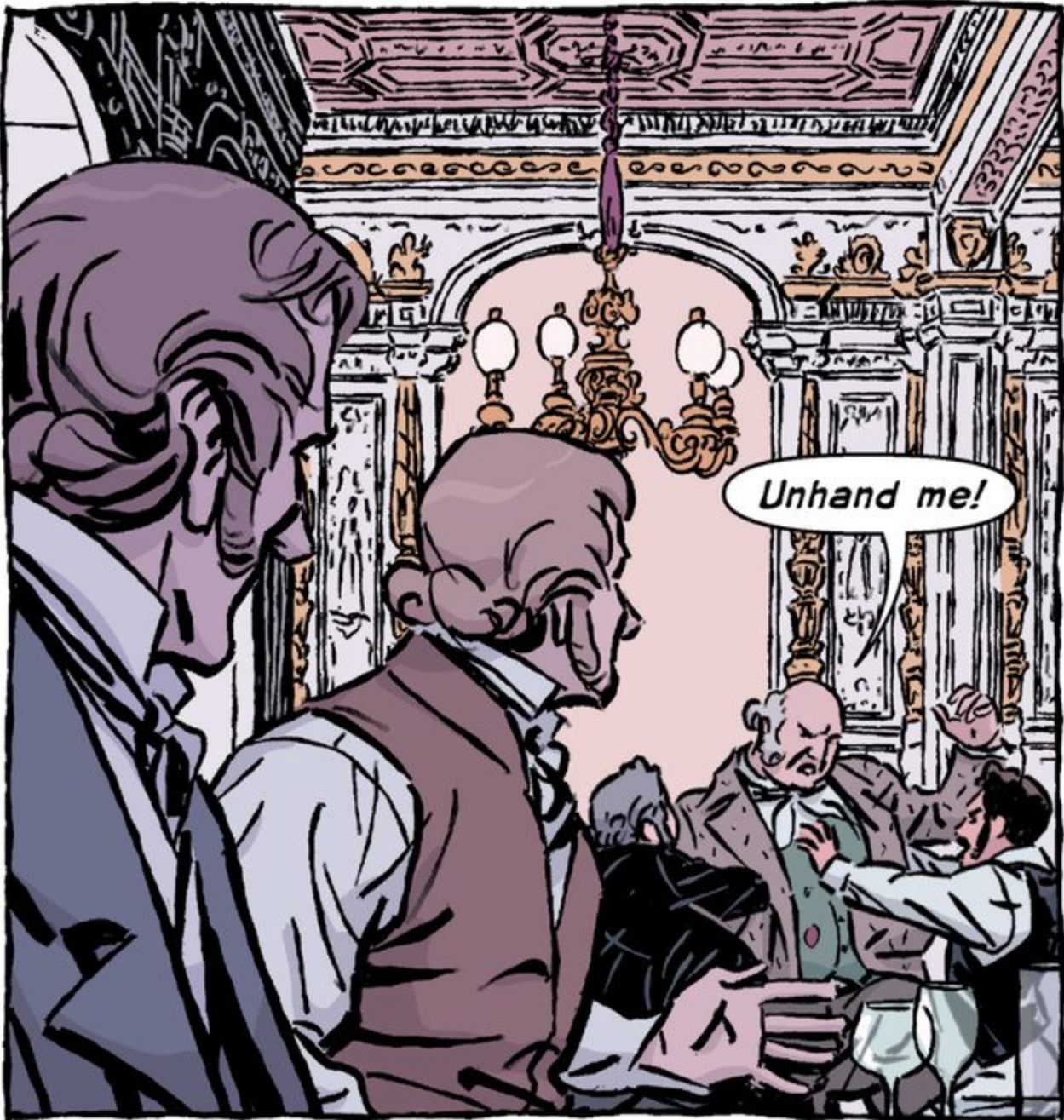
You're a little
big to be acting
so *juvenile*.

Let's order
our dinner. Have
you decided what
you want?

This is
absurd!









Monsieur!
Mon frère.

What a grand evening we've had together, *n'est-ce pas?*



These people, *enh?* They like to forget.

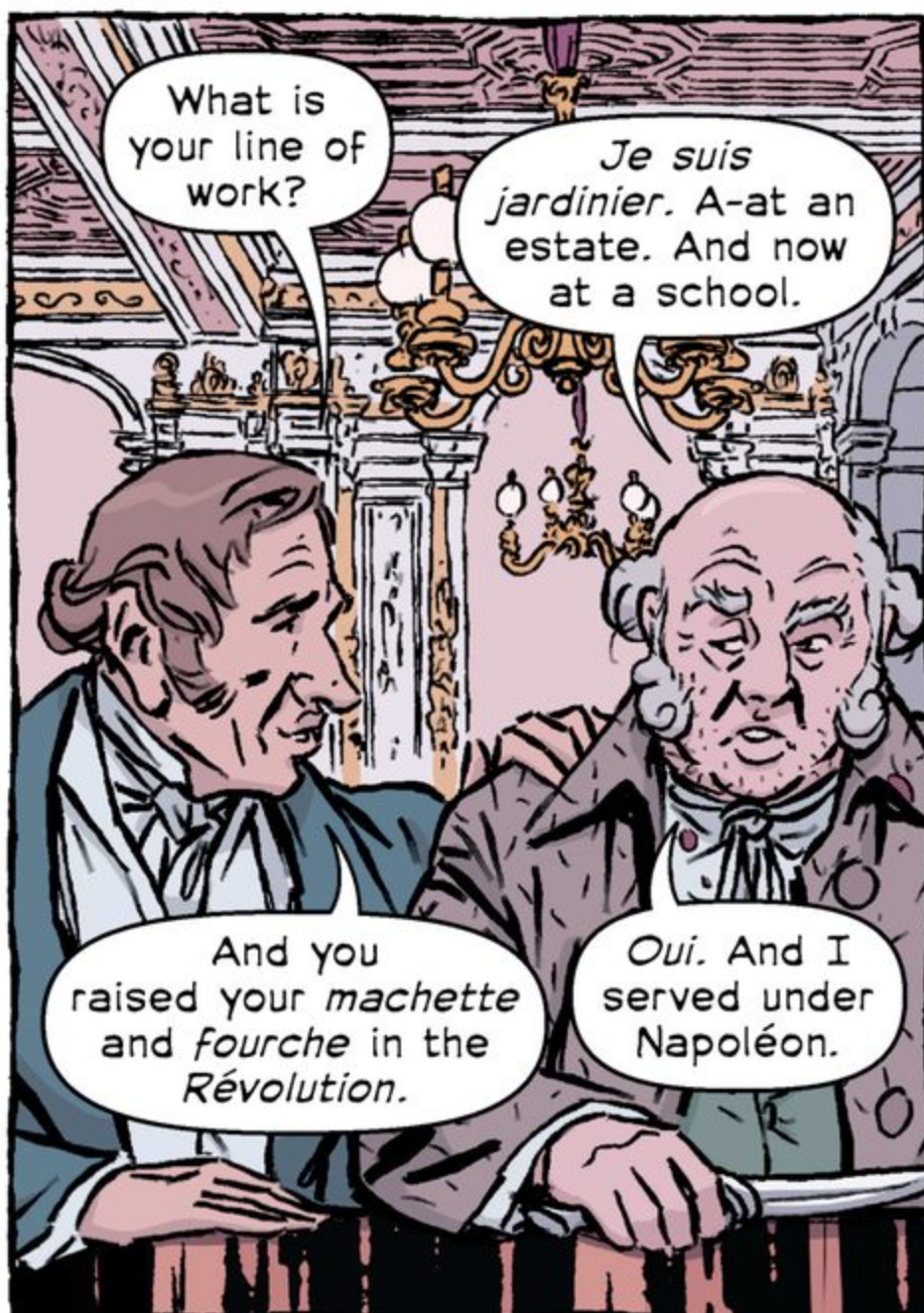
To them the world has always existed just as it is now.

Join me for a drink.

But men like you and I, we remember. We lived in one world--now it's another.



It's all right, Jean-Michel. I'll have a glass of wine with my friend before he goes.



What is your line of work?

Je suis jardinier. A-at an estate. And now at a school.

And you raised your *machette* and *fourche* in the *Révolution*.

Oui. And I served under Napoléon.



Men like you, *compère*, you *know* the world changes.

C'est vrai.

You've labored in the *dirt* to make it so.



And these people, they merely *enjoy* it.

Bourgeois pigs.

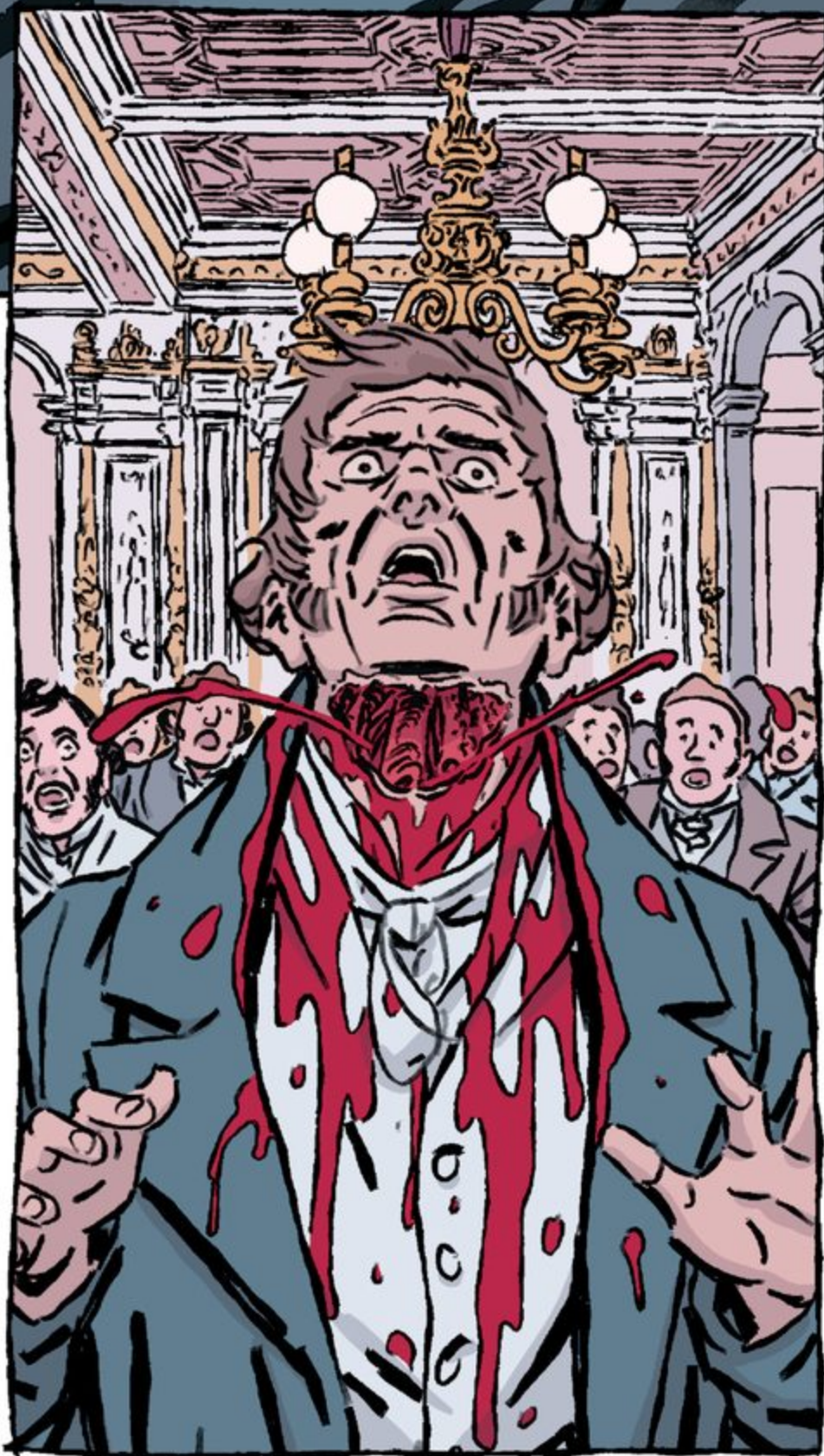


Ahh, but do you *begrudge* anyone contemplating the garden only *you* cultivated?

Salut, my friend.



You know, I served under Napoléon, myself.





After him! Find a gendarme!



They've all gone.



...ggrrrggglllhhhh...



...hrrrrggghhhhhson of a bitch.



Him? Or me?

Hrrrrrm.



I'm sorry. What a mess.

Don't be sorry.

Nobody died.



I've *witnessed* this miracle. And *still* I marvel.



Believe me, it--*nngghh*--gets old very quickly.





“We lived in one world—now it’s another.”

XI

“MANY HAPPY RETURNS”



WRITTEN BY VITA AYALA

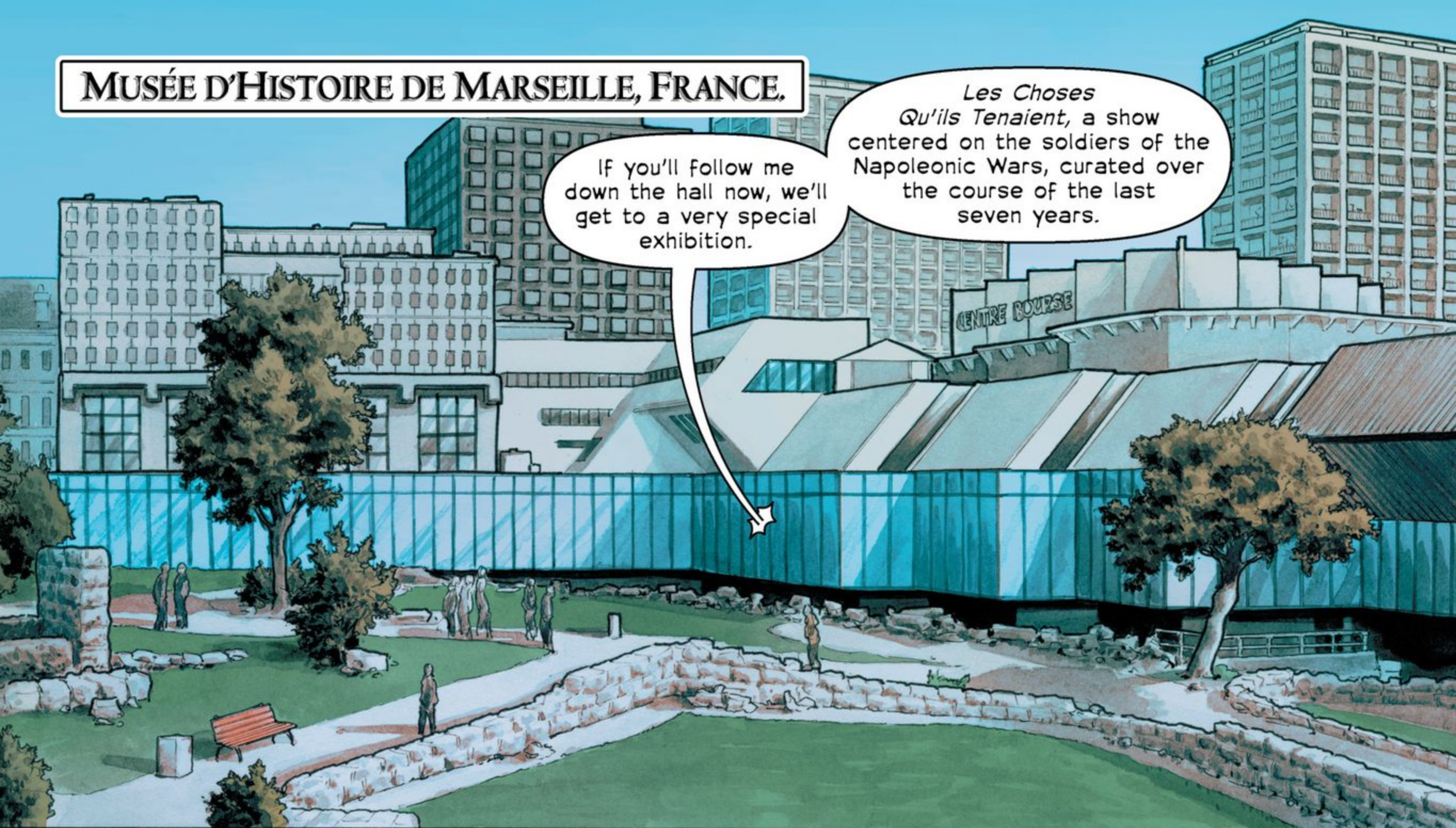
ART BY NICOLA SCOTT

COLORS BY ANNETTE KWOK LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE

MUSÉE D'HISTOIRE DE MARSEILLE, FRANCE.

If you'll follow me down the hall now, we'll get to a very special exhibition.

Les Choses Qu'ils Tenaient, a show centered on the soldiers of the Napoleonic Wars, curated over the course of the last seven years.



Ah, back again, sir? Third time this week. You'll be able to *give* this tour soon, no?

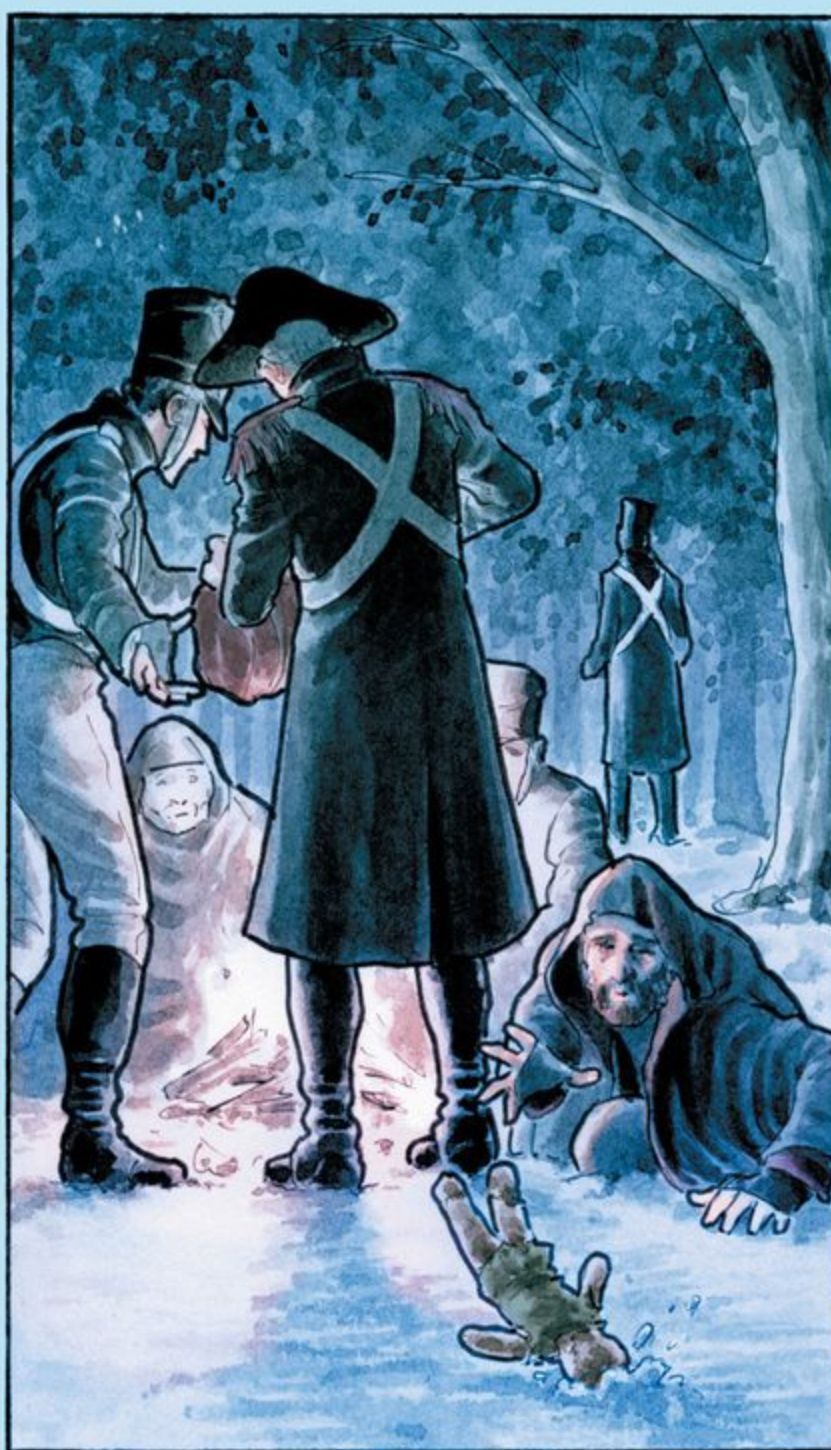
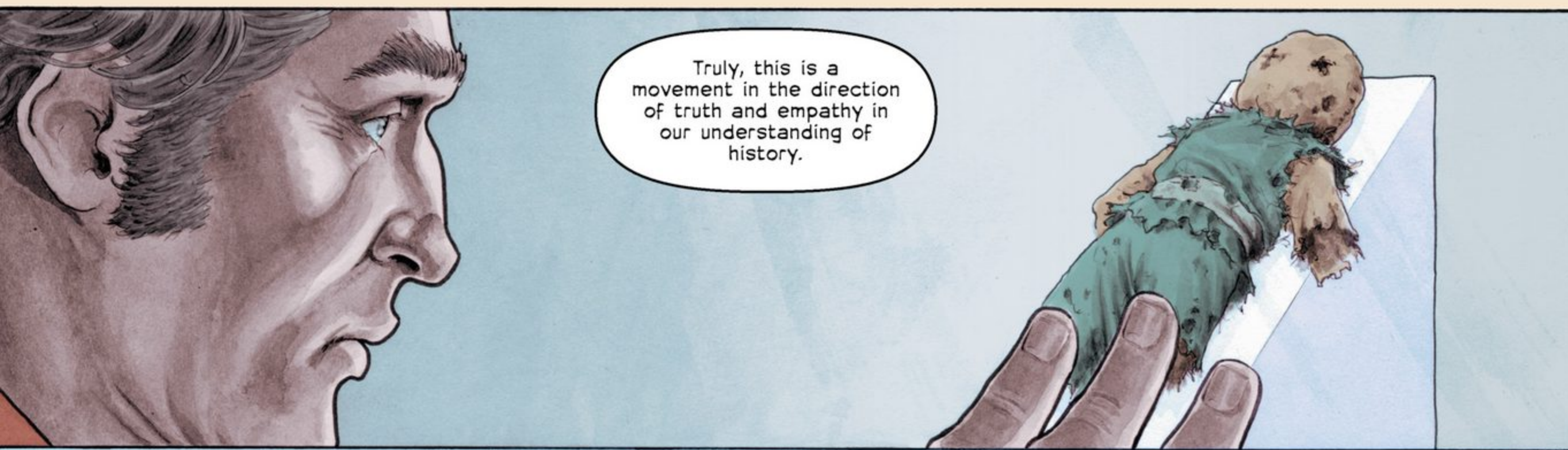
There is always something else to learn.

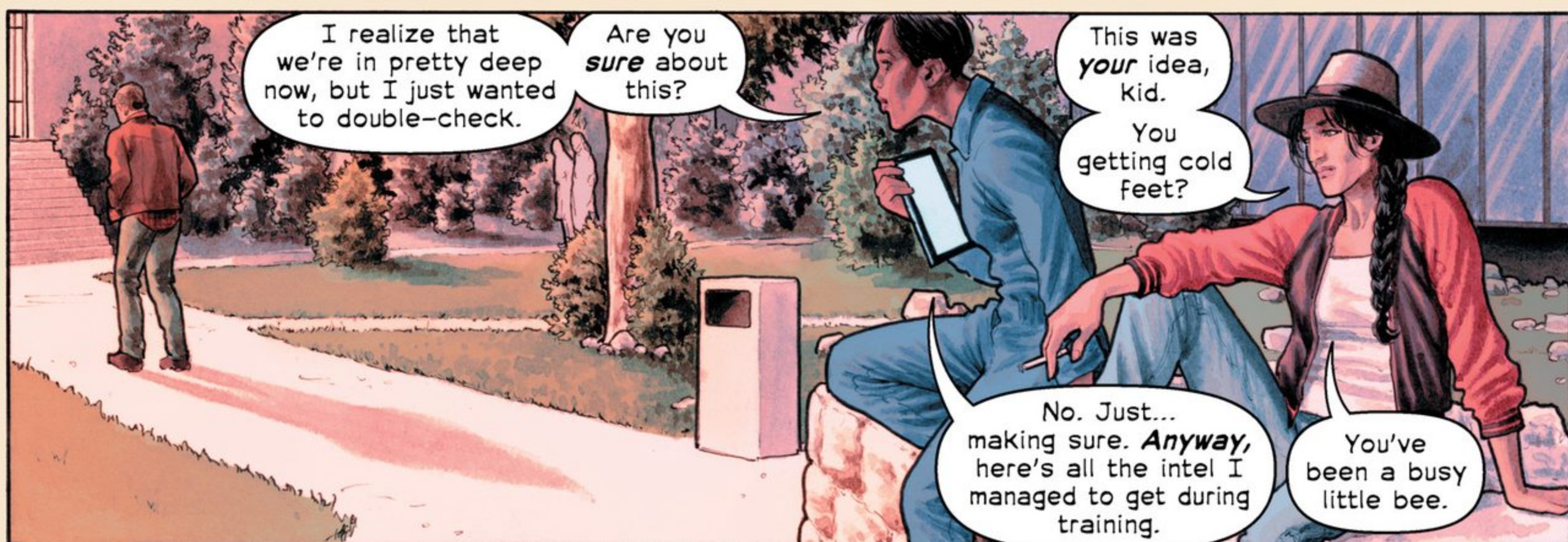
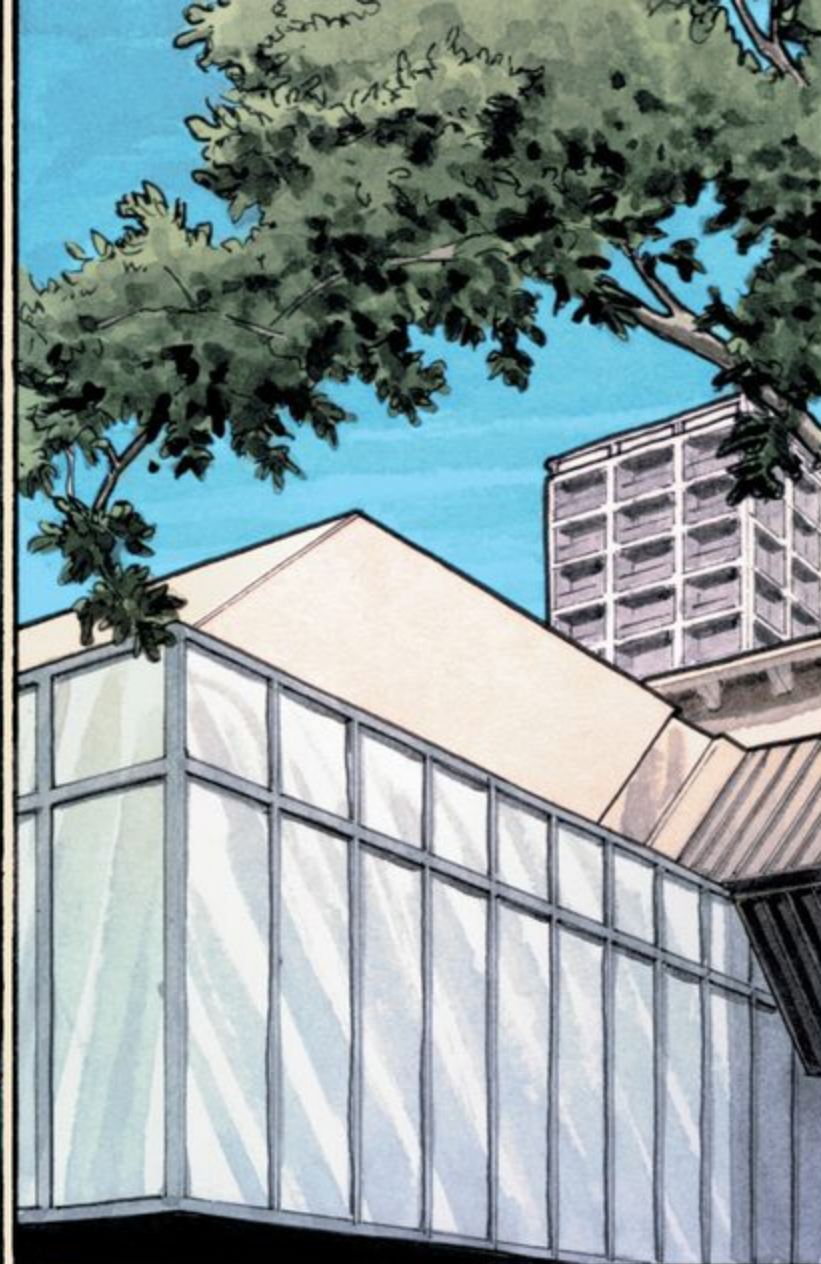
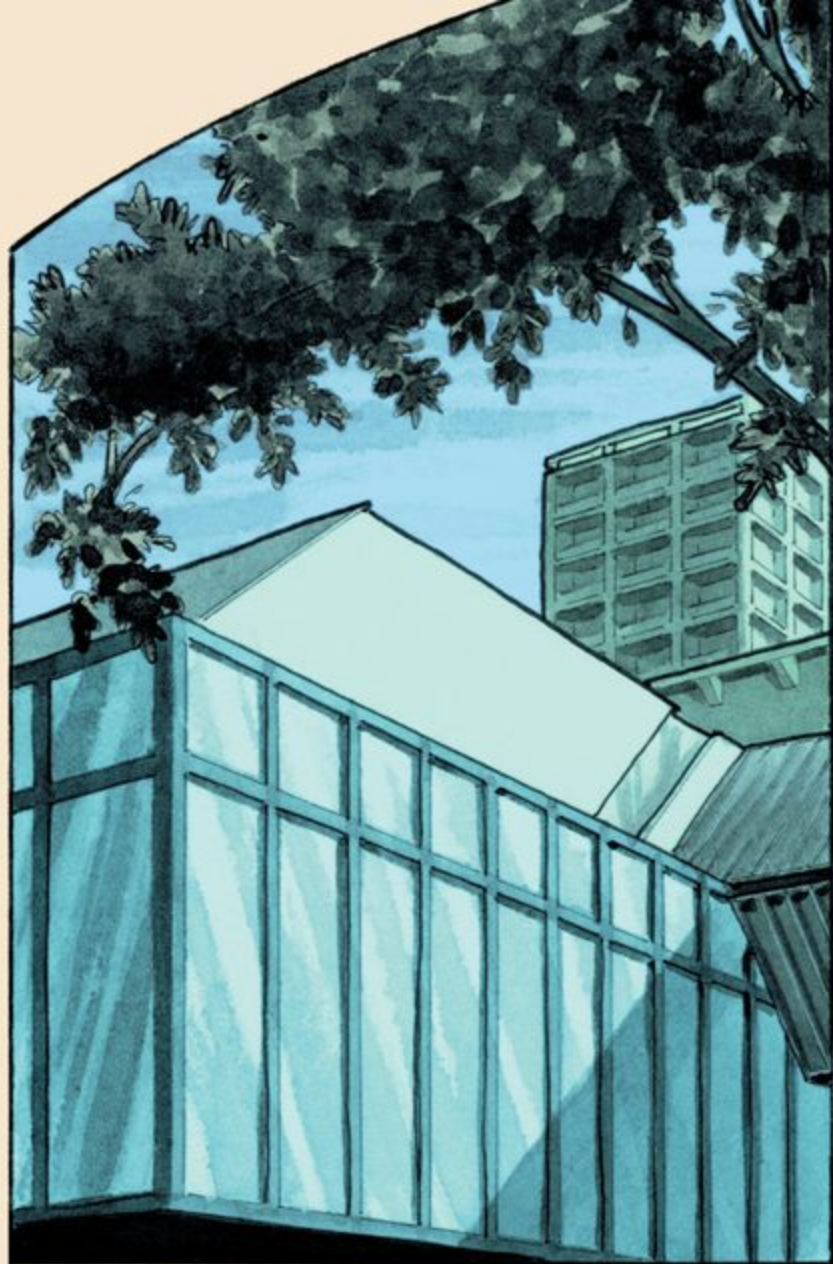
Indeed!



For the first time, the lives of ordinary, conscripted, drafted men are available to us.



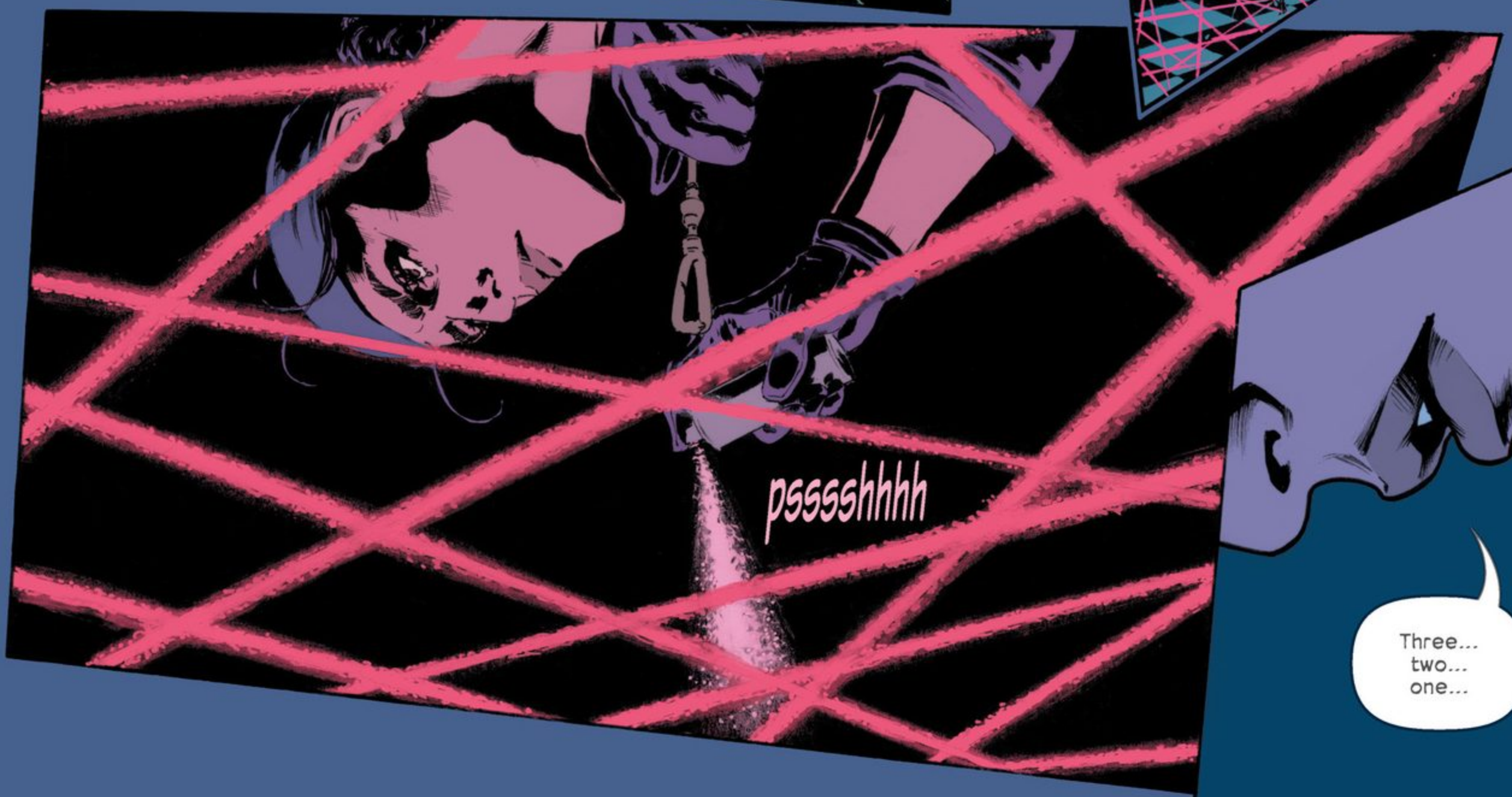






Headed to position three, over.

That's a copy.



Three... two... one...





"Or you could just tell me."

"Andy."



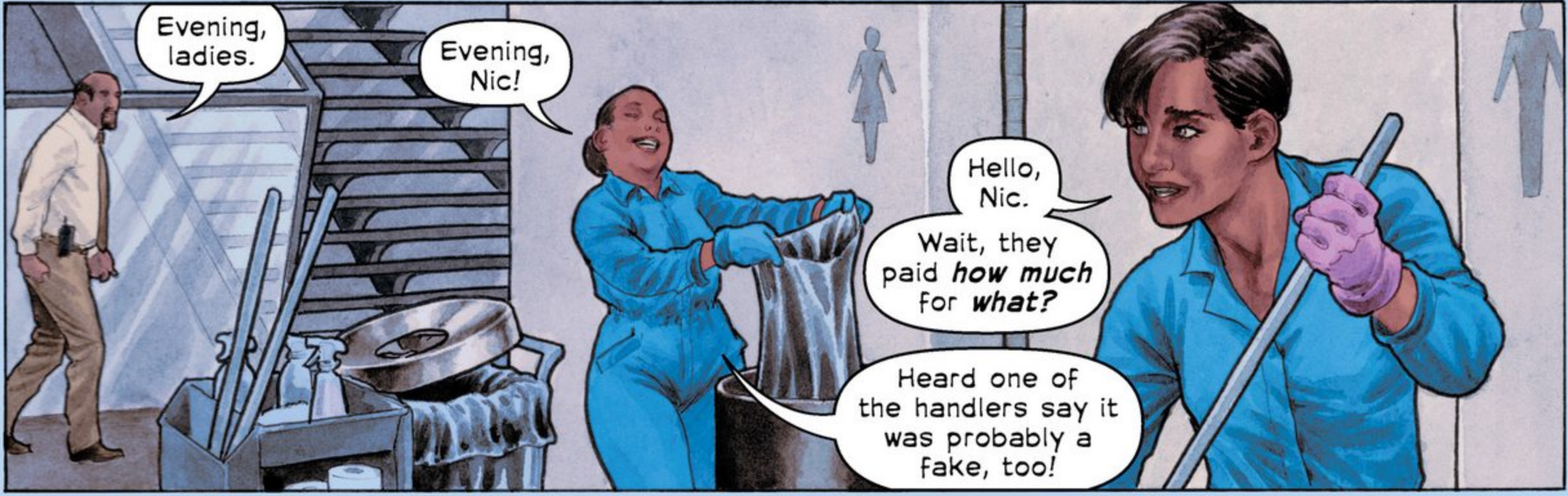
Thank you again for taking me around tonight.

My pleasure!

The special exhibition is *always* a wild card in terms of mess--I am shocked they gave it to you on your first night!



Who--?



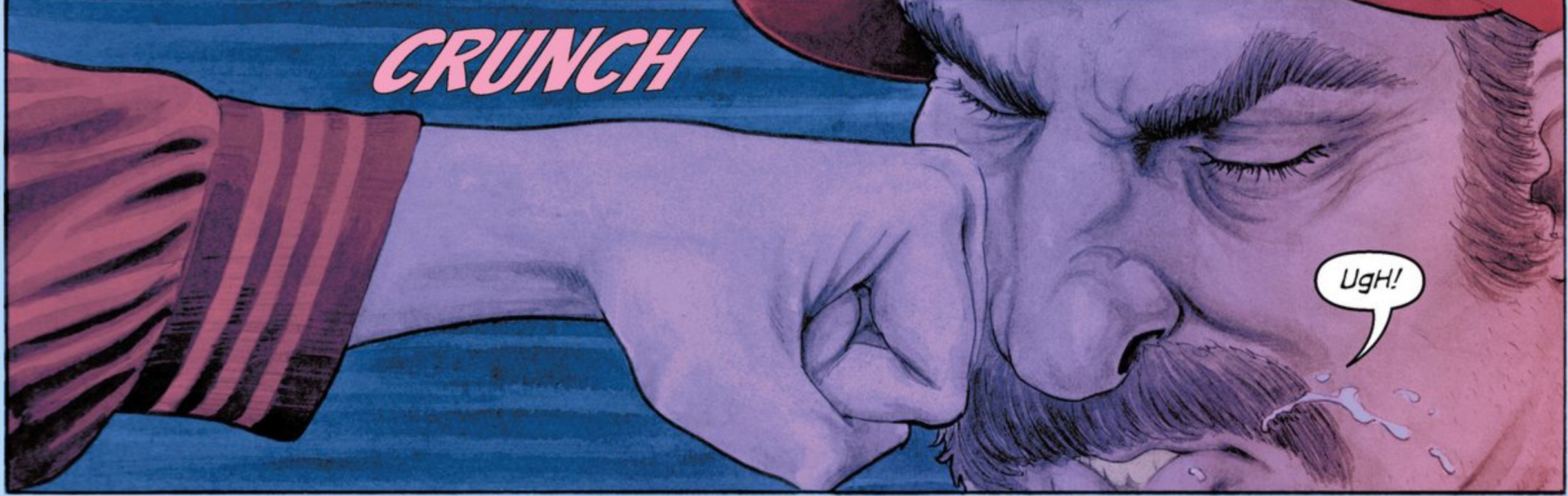
Evening, ladies.

Evening, Nic!

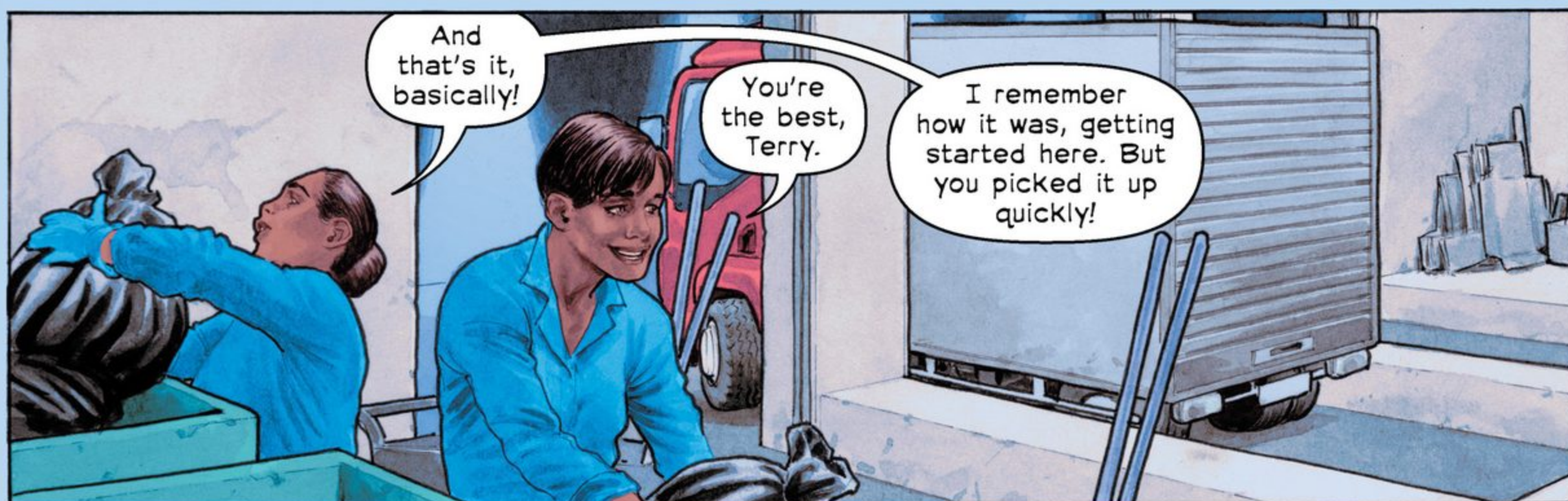
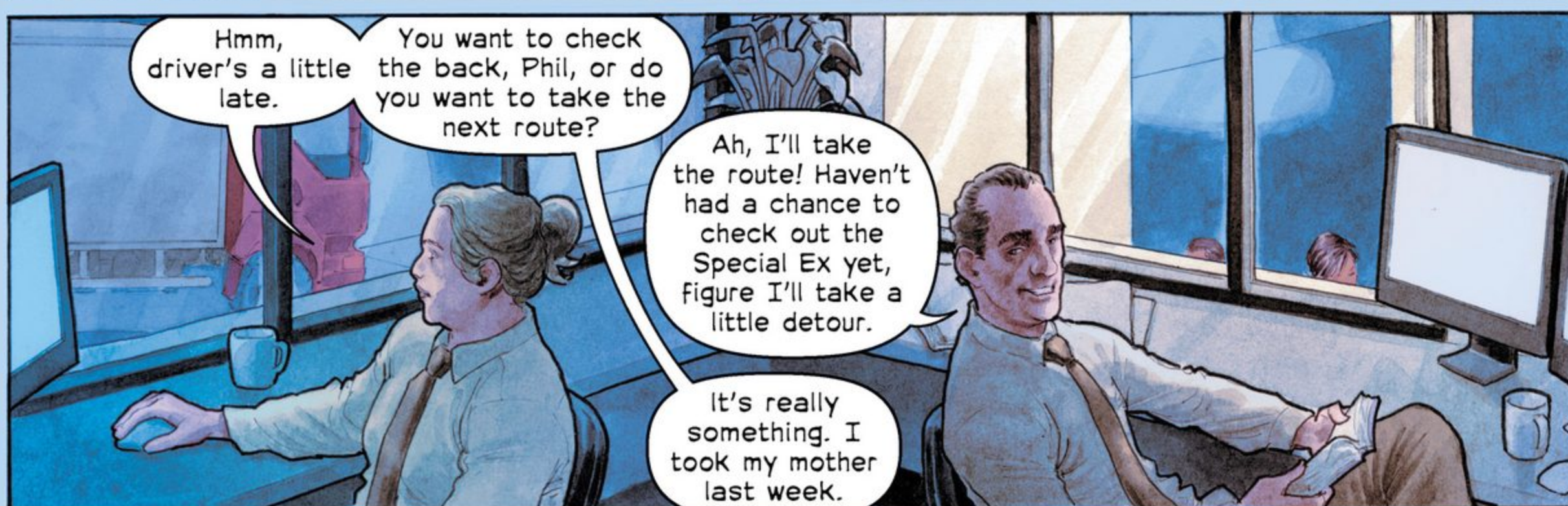
Hello, Nic.

Wait, they paid *how much* for *what*?

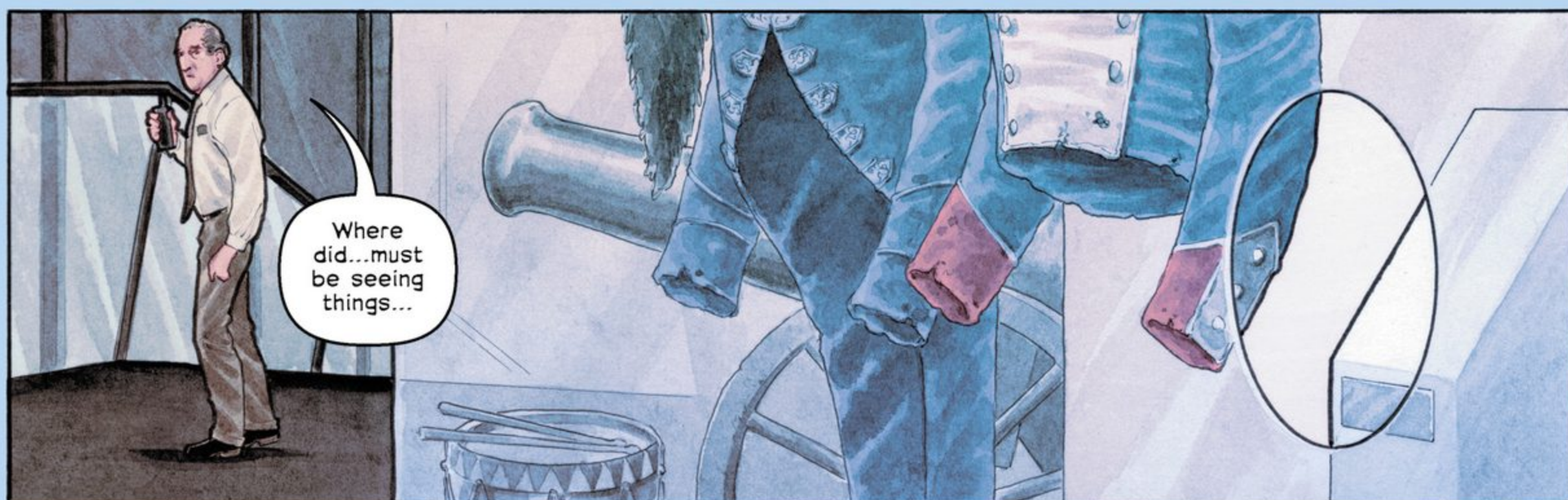
Heard one of the handlers say it was probably a fake, too!

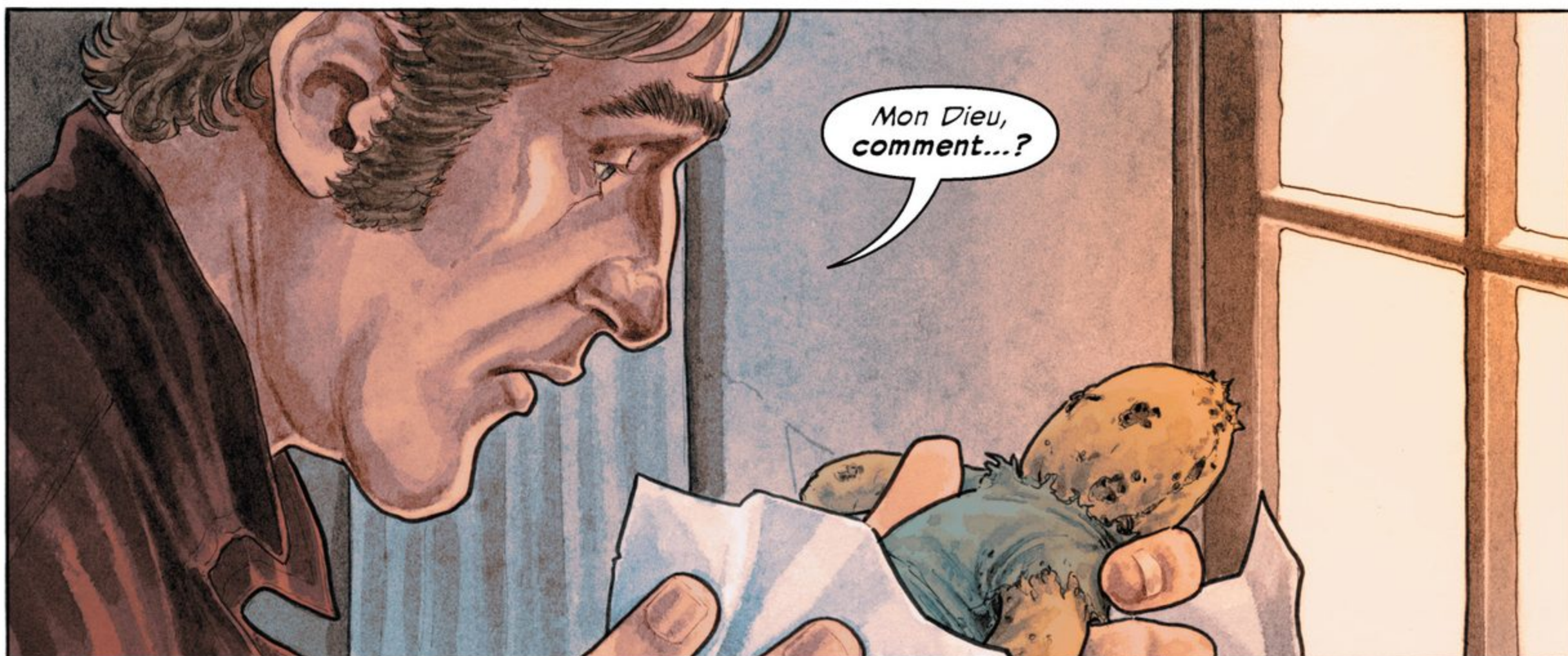


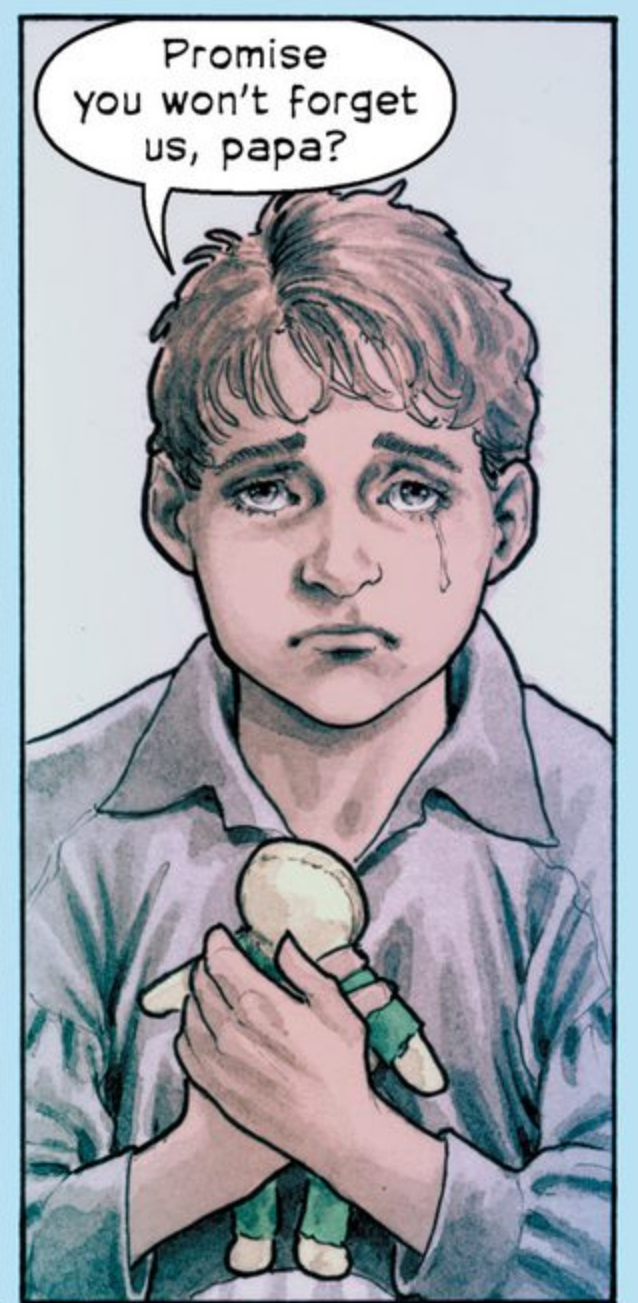
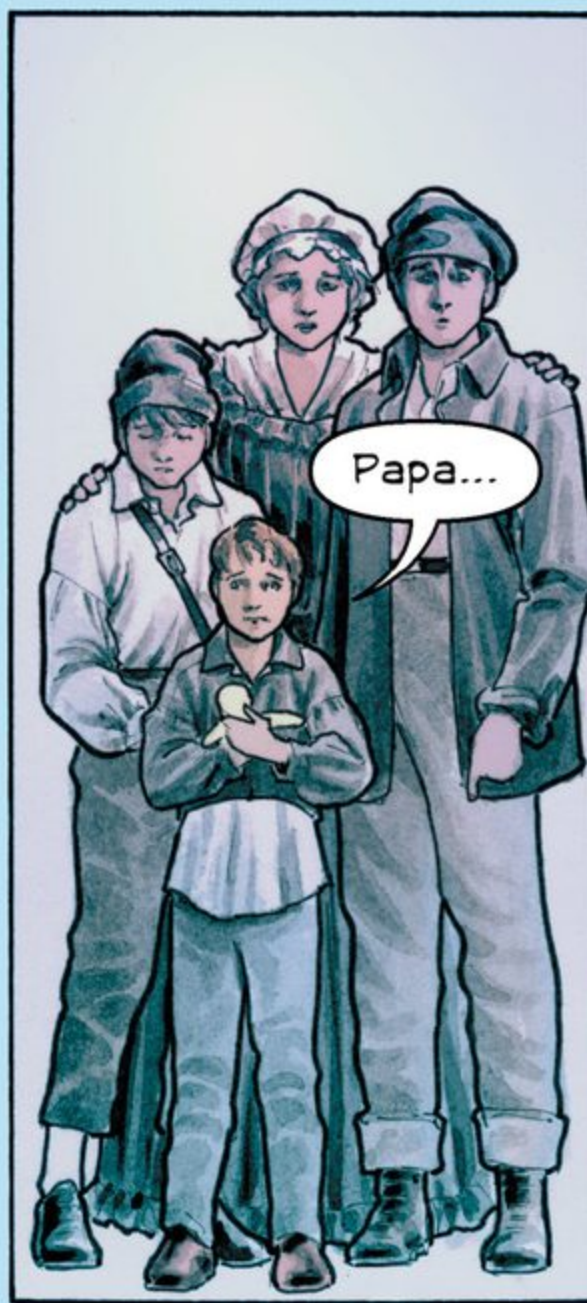
Ugh!















“There is always something else to learn.”

XII

“THE BEAR”



WRITTEN BY GREG RUCKA
ART BY LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ
COLORS BY DANIELA MIWA LETTERS BY JODI WYNNE







Hey, that you, Isaac? Been a while!

Hey, Zeshi! Yes it has, it sure has.



Supply run?

Yeah. You?

Yeah. See you at Red's?

Heading there now.

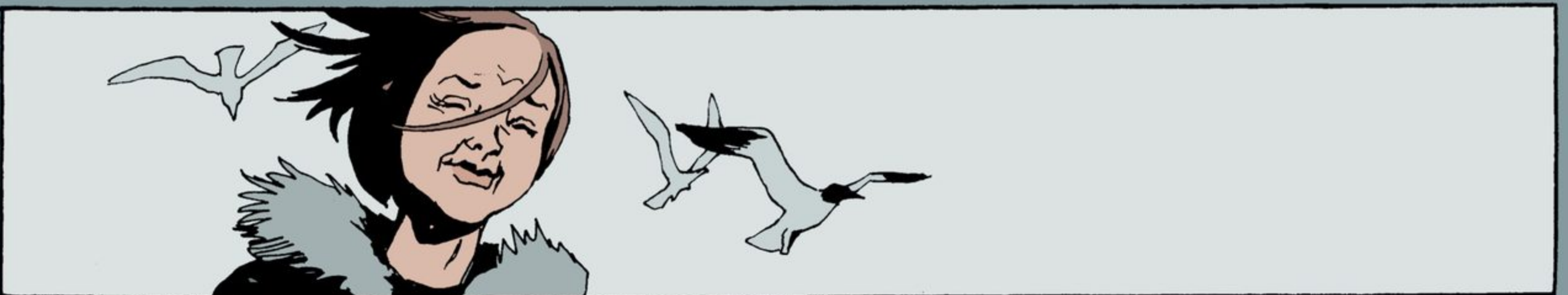


Isaac Blue! And a week early!

Everyone hear that...?

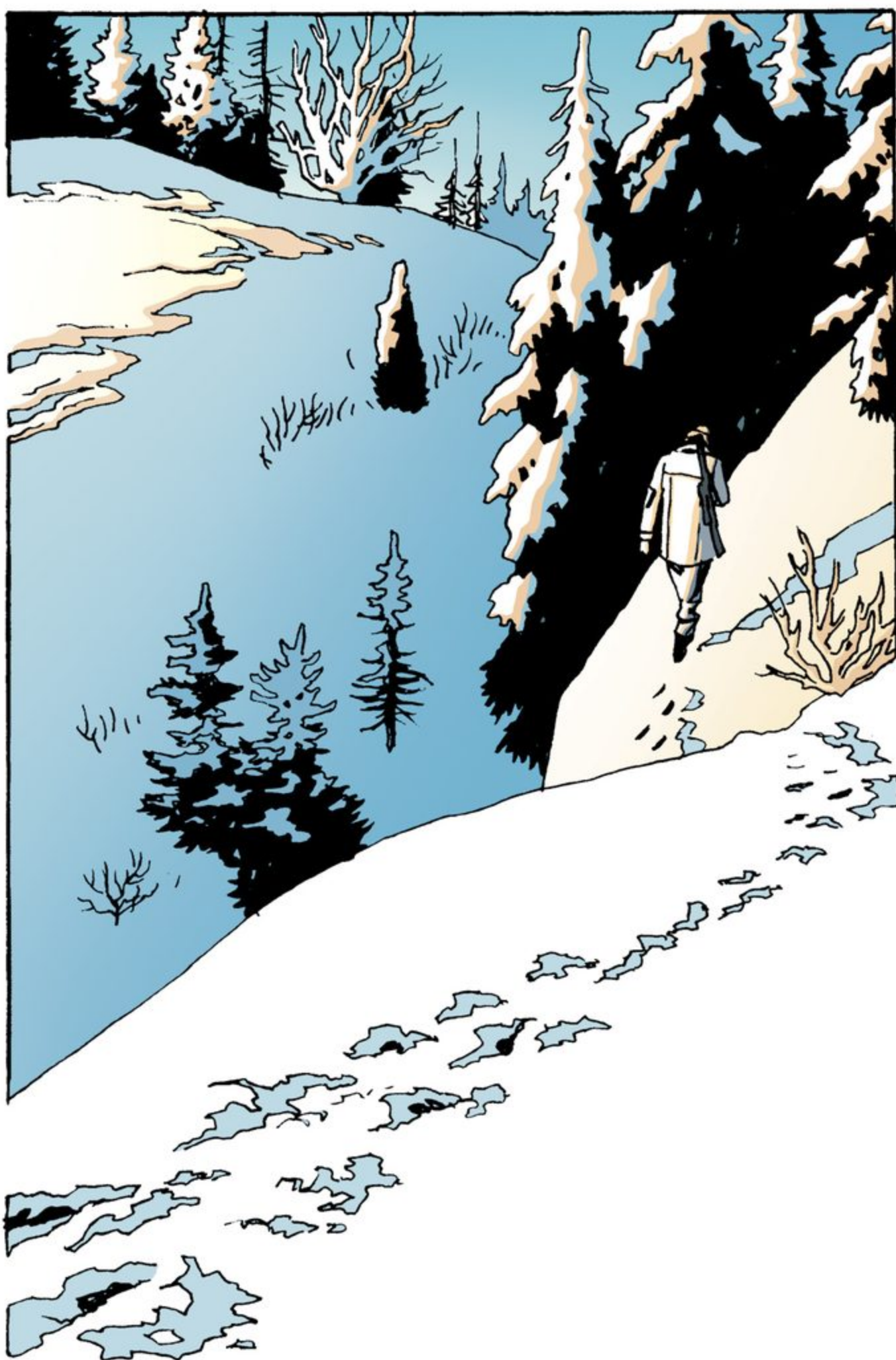


...freeze is coming!













Come
back here.



Drop
it.

You
heard
me...



...good.



≡hmm≡



Fine. Come
on...

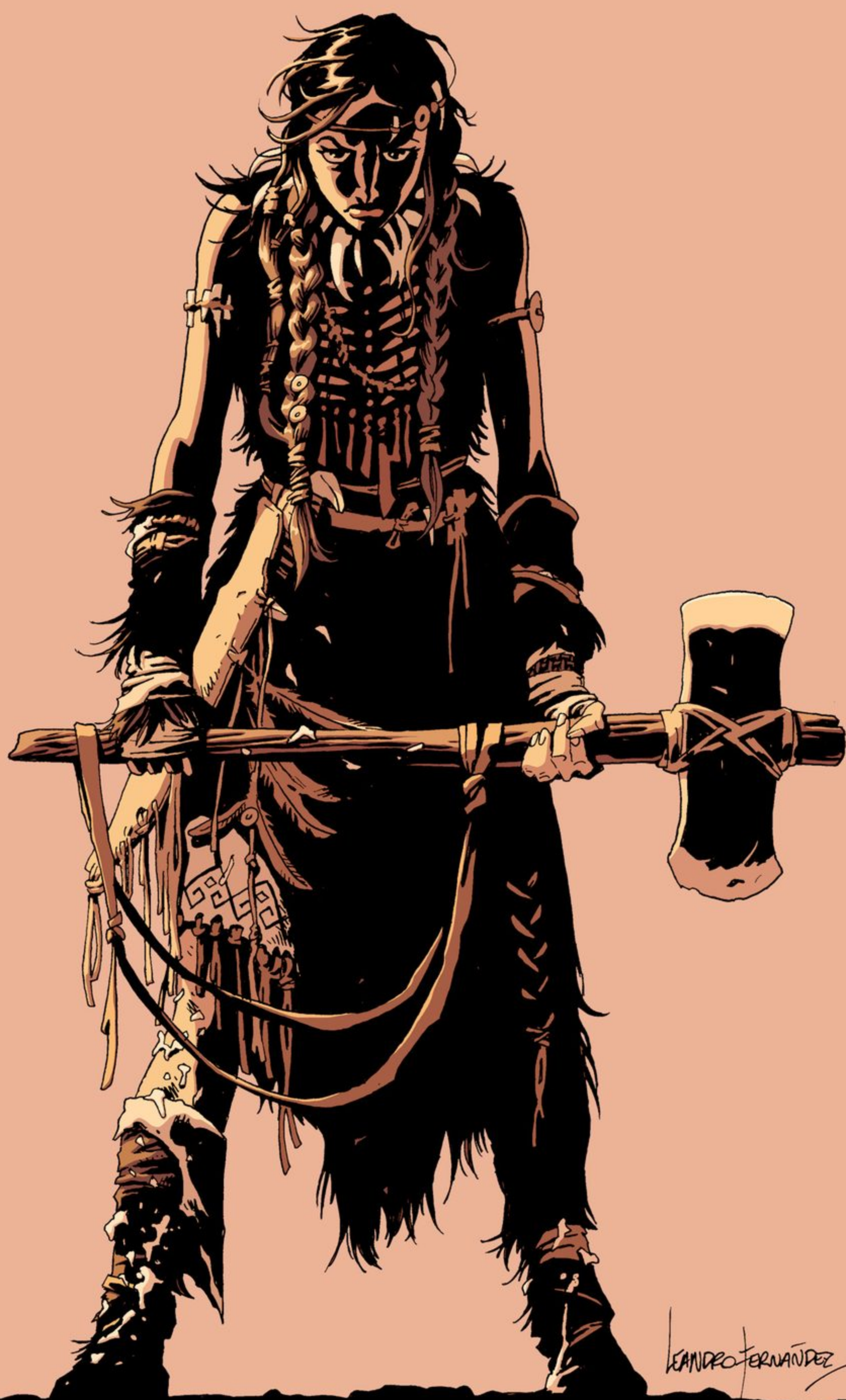


...I could
do with the
company....

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ



“...but you know how it is with *old bones*.”



ISSUE ONE COVER BY LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ AND DANIELA MIWA



ISSUE TWO COVER BY LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ AND DANIELA MIWA











ISSUE ONE VARIANT COVER BY JACOPO CAMAGNI AND DANIELA MIWA



ISSUE TWO VARIANT COVER BY VALENTINE DE LANDRO





STEVE
LIEBER

Daniela
Miwa



ISSUE FIVE VARIANT COVER BY RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE



ISSUE SIX VARIANT COVER BY NICOLA SCOTT AND ANNETTE KWOK

ABOUT THE CREATORS



GREG RUCKA is a *New York Times* bestselling and Eisner Award-winning writer of hundreds of comic books (including the recent bestselling and critically acclaimed *Lois Lane*) and author of two dozen novels. At Image Comics, he is the co-creator of **LAZARUS** with Michael Lark and **BLACK MAGICK** with Nicola Scott, as well as the comic *Stumptown* with Justin Greenwood from Oni Press, which was adapted into the beloved ABC series starring Cobie Smulders. He lives in Portland, Oregon, with his wife, the writer Jennifer Van Meter (*Hopeless Savages*, *The Death-Defying Doctor Mirage*).



LEANDRO FÉRNANDEZ is the co-creator of **THE OLD GUARD** with Greg Rucka, *American Carnage* with Bryan Hill, **THE DISCIPLINE** and *The Names* with Peter Milligan, and *Far South* with Rodolfo Santullo. He has drawn comics for Marvel, DC, Dark Horse, Oni Press, and publishers around the world, including several volumes of *Punisher MAX* with Garth Ennis. Previous collaborations with Greg Rucka include *Wolverine: Coyote Crossing* and the Eisner-nominated third volume of *Queen & Country*, "Operation: Crystal Ball." He's also the author of *Lights and Shadows*, a technical book for students and artists, part of Editorial Dicese's "Master Drawing Course" collection, published in several countries and languages. He lives in Granadero Baigorria, Argentina, with his wife and two children.



ANDREW WHEELER (*Zanzibar and Other Harbors*) is an award-winning, Toronto-based writer and editor who has devoted his career to increasing queer representation in comics. His credits include *DC Pride*, *Wonder Woman: Agent of Peace*, *Another Castle*, the gay superhero series *Freelance*, and the *Dungeons & Dragons Young Adventurer's Guides*. He is the editor of the Prism and Shuster-nominated queer YA anthology *Shout Out*.



JACOPO CAMAGNI (*Zanzibar and Other Harbors*) has been working in the comics and illustration industry for over 20 years. In 1998, he drew an original graphic novel dedicated to Lupin the 3rd under the supervision of the late Monkey Punch, creator of the character. Ten years later, he began working for Marvel Comics. Since then he's lent his art to some of the most famous characters in the Marvel Universe, such as Longshot, Deadpool, Deadpool the Duck, the X-Men, and now Captain Marvel and Kanan from the *Star Wars* franchise. With Marco B. Bucci, he created his own urban fantasy series **NOMEN OMEN**, published by Image Comics.



KELLY SUE DeCONNICK (*Bonsai Shokunin*) got her start in the comic industry adapting Japanese and Korean comics into English. Five years and more than ten thousand pages of adaptation later, she transitioned to American comics with *30 Days of Night: Eben and Stella*, for Steve Niles and IDW. Work for Image, Boom, Oni, Humanoids, Dark Horse, DC, Vertigo, and Marvel soon followed. Today, DeConnick is best known for her run on *Captain Marvel*. DeConnick's first independent venture was the Eisner-nominated mythological western, **PRETTY DEADLY**, co-created with artist Emma Rios. **BITCH PLANET**, co-created with frequent collaborator, Valentine de Landro, launched to rave reviews in December, 2014. DeConnick currently develops television and lives in Portland, Oregon with her husband, Matt Fraction, and their two children.



VALENTINE De LANDRO (*Bonsai Shokunin*) is a Canadian comic book artist, illustrator, and designer. His credits include titles from Marvel, DC Comics, IDW, Valiant, and Dark Horse Comics. He's known for *Marvel Knights: 4* and *X-Factor*. He is the co-creator of **BITCH PLANET** with Kelly Sue DeConnick. De Landro lives east of Toronto, Ontario with his wife Maya and their two children.



ERIC TRAUTMANN (*Strong Medicine*) is the designer on **THE OLD GUARD**, **BLACK MAGICK**, and **LAZARUS: RISEN** for Image Comics, and designs the hardcover and softcover collections of *Atomic Robo* and *Real Science Adventures* for Tesladyne, LLC and IDW. He co-authored several issues of **LAZARUS: X +66** with Greg Rucka, the DC/Vertigo original graphic novel *Shooters* (with Brandon Jerwa, illustrated by Steve Lieber), and has written numerous titles for DC Comics (*The Shield*, *Action Comics*, *J.S.A. vs. Kobra*, and *Checkmate*) and Dynamite Entertainment (*Red Sonja*, *Vampirella*, *Flash Gordon*, and *Lady Rawhide*). He can be found online at www.erictrautmann.us and in person at his wife's amazing comic shop, Olympic Cards & Comics in Lacey, Washington.



MIKE HENDERSON (*Strong Medicine*) is the award-averse co-creator, cover artist, and artist of **NAILBITER** and **NAILBITER RETURNS** (Image Comics) with Joshua Williamson, as well as *Dead Man Logan*, *Daredevil*, and *Deadpool vs. Old Man Logan* at Marvel, among dozens of other stories at DC Comics and IDW Publishing. He resides in Portland, Oregon with his wife, daughter, and Corgi.



BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS (*Passchendaele*) is a Peabody Award-winning comics creator, Amazon and *New York Times* bestselling writer known for co-creating Miles Morales, Jessica Jones, Naomi McDuffie, Maria Hill, Riri Williams, and dozens of other characters and stories that populate the Marvel and DC Universes. Bendis's Jinxworld is the home of the creator-owned, Eisner Award-winning bestsellers like *Powers*, *Scarlet*, *Jinx*, *Pearl*, *Torso*, *Cover*, and many more. Jinxworld just celebrated its thirtieth year publishing comics. He lives in Portland, Oregon with his wife Alisa, his daughters Olivia, Tabatha, and Sabrina, his son London, and his dogs Splenda and Bowie. Brian's TED talk, MIT lecture, and appearances on *Late Night with Seth Meyers* are available for viewing at jinxworld.com.

MICHAEL AVON OEMING (*Passchendaele*) is the Eisner, Harvey, and Eagle Award-winning co-creator and artist of *Powers*. He was also an executive producer on the *Powers* TV series from Sony/PlayStation, which ran for two seasons. Oeming began his career as an inker at the age of 14, and has written and drawn the characters Thor, Red Sonja, Batman, and Superman, but is best-known for his creator-owned works such as *Powers*, *United States of Murder Inc.*, and many others, mostly with his partner Brian Michael Bendis and his wife Taki Soma.



TAKI SOMA (*Passchendaele*) is a Hugo Award-nominated artist, writer, and colorist. She's worked on creator-owned projects such as **SINERGY**, **BITCH PLANET**, *Rapture*, *The Victories*, and *United States of Murder Inc.*, as well as *Dick Tracy*, *Invincible Iron Man*, and others. Soma has worked with different publishers such as Image, IDW, Marvel, Dark Horse, Jinxworld, and more. She lives surrounded by furry critters and a husband who shares the same passion in comics.



ROBERT MACKENZIE (*Lacus Solitudinis*), along with writing partner Dave Walker, has worked as a tabletop role-playing game designer for Green Ronin, and a comic book critic, most prominently with Nerdsapn. He also co-wrote three issues of **THE LAZARUS SOURCEBOOK** for Image Comics, and together with Dave and Justin Greenwood, he is the co-creator of **COMPASS**, also from that publisher. He lives in Melbourne, Australia with his wife and children and, for his sins, is an attorney when he's not doing this.



DAVE WALKER (*Lacus Solitudinis*) is not a ghost that walks or a Texas ranger. He is also not that David Walker who writes comics. He has written the same things as Robert Mackenzie, as befits writing partners. Together with Robert Mackenzie and Justin Greenwood, he is the co-creator of Image Comics' **COMPASS**. He works a nondescript desk job. Having moved south his entire life, he now lives in Sydney, Australia, and is now looking at Antarctic properties. He spends more time than he should on the bird site, arguing about comics as @professor_just.



JUSTIN GREENWOOD (*Lacus Solitudinis*) is an artist best known for his work on comic book series like **COMPASS**, **LAZARUS: X +66**, **THE LAST SIEGE**, **THE FUSE**, *Stumptown*, *Crone*, *Stringers*, *Wasteland*, and *Resurrection*, and the non-fiction graphic novel *Alexander Hamilton: The Graphic History of an American Founding Father*. As a freelance artist, he has worked with companies including Image Comics, Oni Press, Dark Horse Comics, Ten Speed Press/Penguin Random House, Sideshow Collectibles, Amazon, RadicalMedia, ABC Studios, and the Golden State Warriors. Greenwood was also an executive producer on the ABC television series *Stumptown*, based on the Oni Press comic book.



MATT FRACTION (*How to Make a Ghost Town*) writes comic books out in the woods where he lives with his wife, the writer Kelly Sue DeConnick, their two children, three dogs, a bearded dragon, and a yard full of coyotes and crows. Surely that's a metaphor.



STEVE LIEBER'S (*How to Make a Ghost Town*) comics have been published by DC, Marvel, Dark Horse, Valiant, Image, and many other publishers, but he's best known for his work on *Superman's Pal Jimmy Olsen* at DC Comics with Matt Fraction and *Whiteout* at Oni Press with Greg Rucka. He wastes too much time on Twitter at @steve_lieber. (Photo courtesy of Charlie Chu.)



DAVID F. WALKER (*Love Letters*) is an award-winning comic book writer, filmmaker, journalist, and educator. Walker is best known for his work in graphic novels and comics, which includes *The Life of Frederick Douglass* and *The Black Panther Party* (Ten Speed Press), the Eisner and Ringo Award-winning series **BITTER ROOT** (Image Comics), and the Eisner Award-nominated series *Naomi* (DC Comics). He has written for Marvel Comics (*Luke Cage*, *Occupy Avengers*, *Power Man and Iron Fist*, *Nighthawk*) and DC Comics (*Cyborg*, *Young Justice*). He also teaches part-time at Portland State University.



MATTHEW CLARK (*Love Letters*) started his career in 1997, working at the art studio Studiosaurus. In 1999, Matthew became the regular artist on DC's *Wonder Woman*, following that with *Felon* from Top Cow (written by frequent collaborator Greg Rucka). Since then, Clark has worked for DC Comics (including on *Teen Titans*, *The Outsiders*, and *Adventures of Superman*), Marvel (notably on *Ghost Rider*, *The Punisher*, and *Amazing Spider-Man*), and Valiant (*Bloodshot*, *Harbinger*), as well as contributing artwork for Kurt Busiek's acclaimed series, *Astro City*. Matthew can be found on Instagram at @emcecartist.



ABOUT THE CREATORS



JASON AARON (*An Old Soul*) is an award-winning comic book writer best known for his work with Marvel Comics, including a landmark seven-year run on *Thor* that will serve as the basis for the upcoming Marvel Studios film *Thor: Love and Thunder*. He's also had celebrated stints writing *Wolverine*, *Doctor Strange*, *Ghost Rider*, *Punisher*, and the 2015 Marvel relaunch of *Star Wars* that was the best-selling American comic book in more than 20 years. Aaron is the current writer on Marvel's flagship *Avengers* series and the recently relaunched *Conan the Barbarian*. His critically acclaimed creator-owned work includes the Eisner and Harvey Award-winning *SOUTHERN BASTARDS* from Image Comics and the *New York Times* bestselling crime series *Scalped* from Vertigo Comics. Aaron was born and raised in Alabama and currently resides in Kansas City.



RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE (*An Old Soul*) was born in Porto Alegre, Brazil. He has been working in the American comic book industry since 2005. Best known from his work on *All-Star Batman*, *Animal Man*, and *Batgirl*, he has also published the creator-owned books *Mondo Urbano* (2010), *Eight* (2015), and *HUCK* (2015). Rafael is an Eisner, Harvey, and Inkpot Award-winner for the *New York Times* bestseller *American Vampire* (DC Comics/Vertigo, 2010), written by Scott Snyder and Stephen King. Other projects include the adaptation of the popular Neil Gaiman tale *A Study in Emerald* and Mark Millar's *HIT-GIRL*.



ALEJANDRO ARBONA (*Never Gets Old*) is a writer and 15-year veteran editor of comics. He wrote *Doctor Tomorrow* from Valiant Comics, with artist Jim Towe, and *Rick and Morty Presents: The Hotel Immortal* from Oni Press, with artist Marc Ellerby, as well as the non-fiction kids' book *Awesome Minds: Video Game Creators*. In addition to *THE OLD GUARD*, he's the editor of *LAZARUS: RISEN*, *BLACK MAGICK*, and *COMPASS* from Image Comics, *Grumble* from Albatross Funnybooks, and *Ghost in the Shell: Global Neural Network* from Penguin Random House/Kodansha.



KANO (*Never Gets Old*) is a versatile and restless cartoonist, belonging to one of the earliest waves of artists from Spain to join the American comic book community. For more than 20 years, he's worked for DC Comics (*Action Comics*, *Gotham Central*, *H-E-R-O*), Marvel (*Invincible Iron Man*, *The Immortal Iron Fist*), and Valiant (*Quantum and Woody*, *The Delinquents*, *Livewire*), where he's distinguished himself as a rigorous and inventive storyteller.



VITA AYALA (*Many Happy Returns*) is a queer Afro-Puerto Rican writer born and bred in New York City, where they grew up dreaming dreams of dancing on faraway worlds, fighting monsters on the block, and racing the fish along the bottom of the ocean. Their work includes *The Wilds* (Black Mask Studios), *Submerged* (Vault Comics), *Quarter Killer* (ComiXology), *Supergirl* (DC), *Xena: Warrior Princess* (Dynamite), *New Mutants* (Marvel), and *Livewire* (Valiant), among others.



NICOLA SCOTT (*Many Happy Returns*) is an Australian comic book artist, working primarily in the American industry since 2001. She became a fan favorite at DC Comics drawing various team books including the *New York Times* bestseller *Earth 2*. In 2016 she collaborated with Greg Rucka on the first arc of *BLACK MAGICK* and the acclaimed series *Wonder Woman: Year One*. She has worked with the United Nations and *W Magazine*, written for *The Guardian*, appeared in *Vogue Australia* and *Frankie Magazine*, and guest judged on Australian and American reality shows. She's given talks at Graphic Festival, ACAF, and Araza Women Presents, and gave a keynote at the 2018 Adobe Max Creative Conference. She lives in the Blue Mountains with her husband and their cat.



ANNETTE KWOK (*Many Happy Returns*) attained her degree in industrial design from the University of Technology, Sydney. Annette's love of art and storytelling led her to comic books, and in 2003, she began her career as a colorist. Annette has since worked for various publishers including DC Comics, Marvel, and Top Cow Productions. Her favorite projects include DC Black Label's *Joker/Harley: Criminal Sanity*, *New Avengers/Transformers*, *Witchblade*, and promotional art for films such as *Wonder Woman*, *Justice League*, and *Spider-Man: Homecoming*.



REBECCA GOOD (*Bonsai Shokunin*, *Love Letters*) is a freelance illustrator, comic artist, and colorist based in Milwaukee, WI. She has a knack for the whimsical, colorful, and humorous, and has worked in the industry as a freelancer since May, 2013. Her credits include colorist on *Anne Bonnie* arc two, *Time Schmucks*, and many other independent comics. When she's not drawing she's either playing *Magic: The Gathering* or resisting playing *Magic: The Gathering*. She can be found online at rebeccagoodart.com.



DANIELA MIWA (series colorist, *The Old Guard*) is a Brazilian artist and colorist who has worked in American comics since 2013. In addition to *THE OLD GUARD*, she has colored *Shaft*, *Ghost in the Shell: Global Neural Network*, *The Fearsome Dr. Fang*, and the Image title *COMPASS*. She lives in São Paulo with her husband and a dog addicted to fetch.



JODI WYNNE (series letterer, *The Old Guard*) is an American letterer and graphic designer who has been working in the comic industry since 2009. She has worked on comics published by Marvel, DC Comics, Image, ComiXology, and BOOM! Recent lettered titles include *BLACK MAGICK*, *THE OLD GUARD*, *Willow*, and *Edgeworld*. She lives in Texas with her husband and two boys. Stay up to date at www.jodiwynne.com.

“If what’s past is prologue, any story about where we’ve come from is ultimately a story about where we’re going. And I think these characters, in the specific, radiate out from a core of humanism: if dying doesn’t matter, then all that matters is how we live.”—MATT FRACTION

THIS IS A FAIRY TALE OF BLOOD AND BULLETS.

They are stories about a group of men and women who cannot die. Mostly.

The oldest of them is 6,732 years old. She thinks. The youngest is 27.

Combined, they have over 10,000 years of stories to tell.

Here are some.

The bestselling, critically acclaimed **THE OLD GUARD**, now a hit Netflix film franchise starring Charlize Theron and KiKi Layne, returns with new stories by **GREG RUCKA**, **LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ**, and an all-star lineup of guest creators. Featuring writers **BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS**, **KELLY SUE DeCONNICK**, **MATT FRACTION**, **VITA AYALA**, **JASON AARON**, **DAVID F. WALKER**, and more, and artists **VALENTINE DE LANDRO**, **NICOLA SCOTT**, **MICHAEL AVON OEMING**, **RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE**, **MIKE HENDERSON**, **MATTHEW CLARK**, **KANO**, and many others. Collects **THE OLD GUARD: TALES THROUGH TIME** #1-6.

“TALES THROUGH TIME is bound to satisfy fans of THE OLD GUARD, no matter how they came across these stories to start...I’d happily read more of these short tales whenever they might appear.”—COMICBOOK.COM

“The writing is top notch, full of character and verve. The artwork rises to the challenge, leaning heavily into the violence that is at the heart of the series and its central characters, but done so beautifully you are left feeling guilty that you’re admiring such ghastly scenes of violence.”—MAJOR SPOILERS

“In the end, when the violence is done we are reminded of the good these individuals have done and how that good comes back to them at the most unexpected moments.”—COMICWATCH

D.R. & QUINCH

